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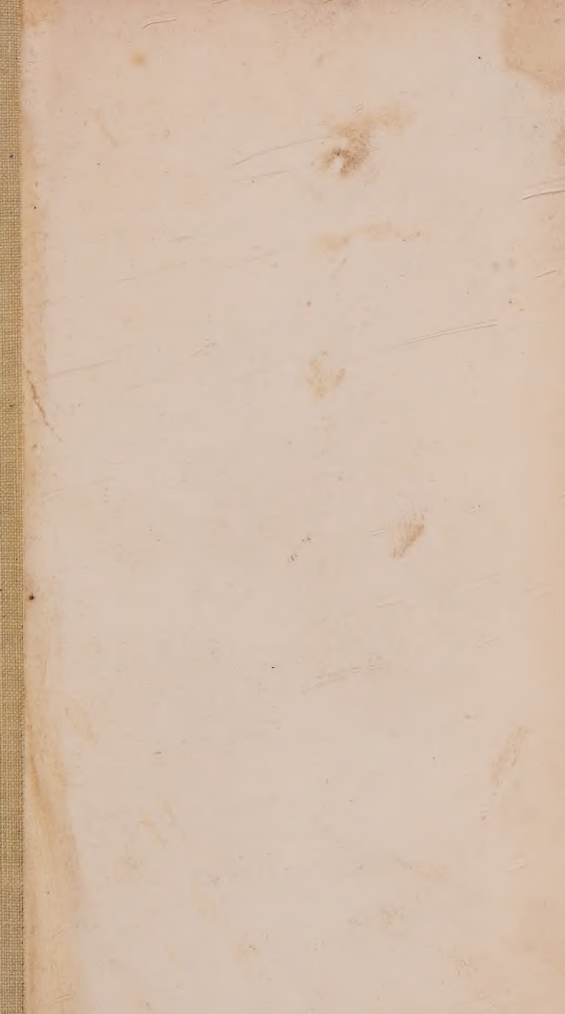
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*TYMAN HOGUE,
taken when he was seven years old.*

TWYMAN HOGUE,

OR

EARLY PIETY ILLUSTRATED.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

By W. W. HILL, D. D.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By L. W. GREEN, D. D.

PRESIDENT OF CENTRE COLLEGE.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

PREPARED FOR THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

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PREFACE.

“OF making many books there is no end,” wrote Solomon. If that could be said with truth in his day, what would he say were he now living? Why write another book when so many are lying unread on the bookseller’s shelves? To this it may be replied that readers are increasing as rapidly as books. There is an almost infinite variety of tastes among them. That which will interest and profit one class, excites no interest in and produces no benefit to others. This fact has reconciled the author of these pages to the unparalleled multiplication of books in our age. A few of them will live through other generations; others will serve an ephemeral purpose, and then sink to oblivion.

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The child-man, whose memory is sought to be perpetuated in these pages, was the most remarkable child, and in many respects the most remarkable human being, that the writer ever saw. In person he was *a mere infant*, but in mind he was a man, and in spiritual attainments a full grown Christian. Hundreds who sat with delighted wonder and profit at his *crib side*, and listened as he uttered in clear and beautiful language, thoughts that would have done honour to the head and heart of an aged man and a matured Christian, when he died, expressed the wish that a more enduring memorial than a mere newspaper article should be reared to his memory. There seemed to be a concurrence, too, amongst his more intimate friends and relatives, that the writer should undertake the task of perpetuating his memory. He has performed his work in the midst of multiplied labours of another kind. None can be more conscious of the imperfections of the work than himself. The hope that it may be useful in stimulating parents to be more faithful in training their little ones for God,

and the youth of the church in dedicating themselves, soul, body, and estate, to the service of God in the morning of life, is the author's only apology for launching this little bark upon the sea of popular favour. When he first sat down to the task of writing, he designed making a book for children *alone*; but in glancing over the materials which were at hand, out of which to make the book, he found so much that would both interest and profit older minds, that he changed his plan and wrote with both old and young in his mind's eye.

W. W. HILL.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 15, 1859.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE could scarcely be a more touching duty, than that which has been assigned me, by the author of this little volume, to write a few brief lines of Introduction to this memoir of the first born son of an early and valued friend. They are written with a rapid pen, amidst the presence of other urgent duties, after a hasty though deeply interested perusal of the work, and just as the manuscript is hurrying to the printer; and are designed rather as a tribute of personal affection, than as any contribution to the value, or the varied interest of the work.

There are, however, a few reflections which press immediately upon the mind, after the perusal of such a record of God's grace, which may commend themselves to many readers as just and natural at least, if neither striking nor important, and may thus prepare the mind for that profounder sympathy which the subsequent pages will surely awaken.

First, How solemn, and at the same time, how inspiring is the thought that even *now*, in the day in which we

live—in the world which we inhabit—in our own country—in the bosom of our own families—there are really existing monuments of God's power, and miracles of his grace, equal to any which ever signalized the church in her brightest and most heroic days. We read, with breathless interest and grateful admiration, the records of the past; and wonder whether, if the Son of man should come, he would find faith upon the earth; the noble army of Martyrs, the august succession of devout and holy men, Reformers, Puritans, Covenanters, those stern and lofty heroes of the faith, the innumerable multitudes of the faithful, whose names still linger in the memories of mankind, pass before our imagination in long and brilliant procession; and while our hearts beat high at such a spectacle, we sadly ask, Is the human soul now competent to such achievements, or is God's Spirit granted now in such omnipotent efficacy, to purify and exalt? But scarcely have we indulged the despondent thought, when, at home and abroad, on every field of public action, or of private and patient suffering, witnesses rise up for God, to rebuke our unbelief, and attest his faithfulness. The voice of prayer is heard from the tent of a Havelock and a Vicars above the storm of battle: the voice of praise from the crib of the boy-man Twyman Hogue, soothing the long agony of years, and uttering the lessons of matured wisdom and elevated faith. In the month of January, 1858, it was exultingly proclaimed, by the ablest exponent of our modern

infidelity,* that evangelical, Protestant Christianity was a failure; had become an effete thing, powerless alike for good or evil; an antiquated superstition, sustained by patronage and power, by rich endowments, and the favour of kings, but long since bereft of vitality, and lying, now, in state, embalmed with precious spices only for its burial.

The sheets were still warm from the press, which bore this reeking blasphemy abroad, when the thrilling narrative of Christian suffering and Christian heroism was received from India, the names of Sir John and Henry Lawrence, of Havelock, and Neill were on a nation's lips; and amidst the acclamations of the race, it was proclaimed that the old puritan spirit was still abroad upon the earth, mighty in counsel, invincible in arms, that the Ironsides of Cromwell were rivalled by the regiment of Havelock, and an empire saved to England and to civilization, by the heroic courage of a few Christian soldiers. The relief of Lucknow, the pacification of Oude, the conciliation of the Sikhs, and the absolute control of the Punjaub stand upon the page of history, monuments of unparalleled wisdom in statesmanship, courage and skill in battle, and enduring memorials of the vitality of the Gospel in our century.

Our modern Balaam who began to curse is forced at last to bless; his bitter sneers are soon converted into tones of exulting and enthusiastic admiration.

* Westminster Review.

Scarce eight months had passed away, when the same defamer of God's truth and people* rapturously exclaims, "There is surely evidence enough to show that the one thing incorruptible and immortal is the spirit of faith ; that it has not perished with Helm and Havelock, with crusader and cavalier, with Puritan and Covenanter, that it endures perennially." And as an illustration of this truth, after a glowing eulogy upon Sir Henry Lawrence, the Christian soldier, and Sir John, the Christian statesman, appeals to the character and deeds of Havelock ; "Of the career of Havelock, what Briton is not proud ? Even now, after the lapse of months which stirring deeds have made an age, the name of Havelock carries a thrill of emotion wherever the English language is spoken, or the common sentiment of Anglo-Saxon nationality is cherished. In our darkest night he was our one bright star."

And what was the very life of this exalted character, and these unparalleled exploits ? This same effete evangelical Christianity. "The character of Havelock," he proceeds, "belongs rather to the Puritan times than to the present ; seldom in these days do we find so much of earnest religious conviction, united to high military zeal. *A more simple minded, upright, God-fearing soldier there was not amongst Cromwell's Ironsides, or the host of Gustavus Adolphus.* This is the true characteristic of the hero, his pure, faithful, single hearted devotion.

* Westminster Review, Oct. 1858.

He was no more ashamed of praying than of fighting ; but would sing psalms before all the army, with as much courage as he would lead them to victory. 'Therein he showed himself the true pietist, the true soldier.' To the character of Sir John and Henry Lawrence the same earnest and passionate admiration is accorded ; and thus from her bitterest foe is won this proud testimony to the Gospel, that faith, the Christian faith, the evangelic faith is still, as of old, the mightiest power that walks the earth ; that on every field of statesmanship or war, in every crisis of a nation's destiny, the men of faith, and they alone, are competent to meet the great emergency. Simultaneously with these prodigies of faith abroad, and as if to refute the blasphemer's sneer, was witnessed at home a revival of religion in America, unparalleled in extent and power, commenced without any correspondent human agency, without sudden excitement, without eloquent appeals ; slowly, silently, omnipotently advancing, the little stone hewn out without hands become a great mountain, and overspreading a nation. Then came the revivals in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Sweden. *Without the church*, the grandest preparation for the diffusion of the Gospel ; *within the church*, a correspondent work of intensity and power ; and *in both*, God's work in the hearts of his own people, or by their instrumentality ! Now, of such an era, Twyman Hogue was a fit product ; and of such men, no unworthy cotemporary. The same grace of God was omnipotent in him ; with the same health and physical vigour he would have fought in

India with the same heroic courage; with the same advantages of experience and enlarged culture he would have ruled with equal wisdom. They were once Christian boys like him. He might have grown to be a man, like any, the best amongst them all. The interest of this narrative then is not merely an isolated interest, as of a solitary life, but wider, as of a type of Christian character, one example, amongst many, of God's wonder-working power, in these latter days. In him, affliction, solitude, meditation, suffering, prayer, produced a more rapid development—an earlier manifestation of the inward power.

But the type of piety is the same; it is still the same grand succession of apostolic spirits, which we witness; the same onward march of the sacramental host along all the centuries. Amongst this bright and blessed company, he had an indisputable claim to be enrolled. As we witness his sufferings and his meek endurance; as we listen to his uttered views of God and of himself, of Christ and the method of a sinner's salvation, we spontaneously exclaim, "Behold, the faith and patience of the saints!"

Nor need any doubt be entertained, as to the strict and accurate fidelity of the narrative; one striking characteristic of this memoir is its quiet truthfulness. The Doric simplicity of the style wins at once our implicit confidence. There is not an exaggeration in the book—not one attempt to deepen our sympathy with the narrative, by glitter of language, or forced intensity of ex-

pression. There are thrilling scenes, which will call the tear to the eye, and swell the bosom with emotion; and one who had heard the author narrate some of his interviews with this wonderful boy, with glowing countenance, and beaming eye, and voice rising with the interest of the theme, would expect, and almost wish that greater freedom had been allowed to the imagination and the feelings, to throw a more vivid colouring over the subject. But as the work advances, this feeling vanishes, and when we close the book we think only of the subject and forget the author; and whether it be the genuine truth of nature, or a rare triumph of consummate art, we feel that the image of the Christian hero is clearer to our mind, for this very abstinence from ornament and fancy. The author has judged wisely. The reality transcends fiction. It reminds one often of a Gospel, so simple, so direct, so unadorned, and rises sometimes towards the dignity and grandeur of a Gospel.

Yet it is impossible to transfer to paper the full impression produced by the conversation of this Christian boy; of this we were forcibly reminded by our recollection of a conversation reported by one of Dr. Hill's correspondents, between Twyman and the writer of these lines. That reply to a sportive question, so ready, so apposite, so beautiful in the gentle poetry of the conception, so rich in its Scriptural allusions and its spiritual truth, was only one of many similar remarks, uttered in the course of a hurried conversation, which startled the

hearers, by their sound discrimination, and their solemn earnestness and depth; and made the writer almost regret that, even for the purpose of testing and eliciting his powers, a playful paradox should have been propounded in a passing interview with one so solemnly and habitually conversant with eternity.

It was not without reason that Johnson preferred biography to history. The true history of a nation is made up of its biographies. These reveal to us the true elements of history; the secret influences that mould and decide the character of an era. How often is one delighted and astonished, in reading the life of one of those hidden ones, who lived and died, known only to a limited circle of his own immediate friends and relatives, to find how all abroad over the earth have lived, known only to Him who seeth in secret, myriads whom he would have loved to know, and press to his heart in Christian affection—to recognize in them the presence and power of those mighty principles, which in their wide diffusion, have been silently, yet omnipotently moulding society—a light to enlighten, a salt to purify, an influence to elevate, to hallow, and to bless. So, a traveller, benighted in some boundless prairie, is cheered as he beholds light after light, rising all around, in that vast expanse, recalling the sweet images of peace, and purity, and home, the preparation and the prophecy of the civilization that shall ultimately overspread the whole. A blessed light, thus brightening on our darkness, and cheering us on our weary way, is this example of Twy-

man Hogue, and the reader involuntarily breathes more freely, and walks on, more erect, and cheerful for the vision.

Second. The central spring of his existence, the crowning glory of his character, the source at once of his piety and his rapid intellectual progress, was faith, a large, sound, healthy faith. There is nothing spasmodic here, nothing exaggerated, nothing distorted, all is calm, natural, healthy, symmetrical. I see no symptom of mental disease in all this memoir. I witnessed none in our brief interview, but the contrary. Long confinement had given a manly sedateness to his character. The decay of the body had left the soul free for its own high functions. But he lived and moved, and had his being amidst great and palpable realities distinctly perceived, and not amidst the phantasms of a disordered imagination. To him, God's words, and God's works, and God's living creatures were equally real. The heavens above, and the earth below, the present life, and the life to come, man's present and eternal destiny, all had their place in his thoughts and sympathies. He was wide awake and keenly sensitive to influences from every quarter. The voice of birds, the beauty of flowers, the sweet breath of spring, the gentle loveliness of summer, all the varied aspects of nature, and all the genial affections of the human heart, had an innocent charm for that manly, yet childlike spirit. That sickly boy with his pale and emaciated countenance, basking in the sunshine of his father's porch, breathing the balmy air of spring, drink-

ing in with grateful joy the gushing beauty of creation—how intensely human—how sublimely spiritual is the spectacle! Nature exalted and hallowed by faith, faith blending in living harmony with all that is gentlest and noblest in the nature which it thus elevates and hallows.

His love for histories, biographies, travels, all attests the soundness of his mind, and the breadth of his sympathies. His contempt for Latin even—his preference for Greek and Hebrew rather—leads to the same conclusion, “*God's thoughts, in God's own words.*” Is not this the grand necessity for every rational soul? Other boys who were destined to live in this lower world, and pass through grammar-schools, and much beside, might have some need of Latin; but for him, Twyman Hogue, lying there on the very threshold of eternity, gazing up with awe, yet filial love, with natural terror, yet with a gracious “hope, full of immortality,” what was that old heathen tongue to him? Did Isaiah, Jeremiah, or David, or any Prophet, or any Apostle ever write in Latin? Had he mingled with the crowd of boys at school, and begun the study of that language, he would soon have found that those old Romans were very real men, and their language, a real vehicle of human thoughts, the thoughts of the world's conquerors. And we much mistake his character, if, feeble as he was, he would not have studied Latin at a later period, (had his life been spared,) if it were only that he might read the commentaries and institutes of old John Calvin, “*Calvin's own thoughts, in Calvin's own words.*” But

what was Latin to the fragile boy, living in full view of the celestial city? Do they speak Latin there? Then for all my purposes, it is *naught*. This keen sense of the real and practical in things, this quick appreciation, and ready sympathy, for *all that is such*, this instinctive and even contemptuous recoil from all that is unreal, mere pretence, that is not actually and truly to the purpose, I know no better test of a genuine, healthful human soul.

The enthusiast, the fanatic are not so. In every form of distempered religious thought, some one truth, and that only, (or its inseparable adjuncts,) is real to the soul, casts its huge shadow over the whole disk of the mind, eclipsing all beside. As mirrored in the mind, that truth becomes itself distorted, disproportioned, false, and monstrous, chilling the genial sympathies of our nature, arousing the malignant passions, alternating spasmodically between the deepest gloom and ecstatic raptures. This is not the faith of the Gospel, nor these its genuine effects. To the astronomer, the whole infinitude of worlds above us and around is a sublime reality. But the earth is none the less a reality too, is indeed one of these celestial bodies, not annihilated by their existence, not lost in their immensity, but embosomed amongst them, gently borne onward with them, embraced in this great family of worlds, a part of this majestic system; an element, however small, still an element in this mighty whole. So, to a sober faith, time is no illusion, is no less real than eternity. Heaven is a reality. Earth is a reality. This hu-

man life with its joys and sorrows, its relations, its interests, its duties, its sympathies, is a great reality. The sneer of the sceptic is hushed, the scowl of the mianthrope vanishes, the gloom of the fanatic is dissipated, all by the clearer light that beams upon us from above, and this brief human life of ours, and this little earth lying between two eternities, and enthroned amidst immensity, assumes a new and loftier significance, becomes immeasurably sublimer and more distinctly real, from the very grandeur of those great realities that encompass them all around. The curse and the cross, justice and mercy, death and life, the mortal and immortal, man and God—man, with his fading joys and his deathless hopes, God, with his awful majesty and his fatherly smile of love—are not these *all alike realities*?

Oh, there is something in the faith of the Gospel, which sheds a sweet light, diffuses a blessed harmony over all earthly things. That ministering spirit in human form, gently leading his sable nurse to the Saviour, holding up to her startled mind the solemn and gorgeous imagery of Bunyan, reciting the simple narratives of the Gospel, and the sublimest denunciations of the prophets, and receiving, at last, from this redeemed daughter of an injured race, the dying testimony, that he alone had guided her to the Saviour of the lost, is the child whom we saw so eager for his drawings and his books, whose heart leaps up at the sight of a youthful relative or friend, whose eye is moistened, and his hand trembles in the fulness of his love, as he writes the name of mother. Yes, there is

faith still ; faith on earth, and faith now ; faith which sweeps abroad over all time, and all eternity, and all worlds, and then returns to nestle gently in the bosom of a child. May we not repeat with a deeper meaning, and holier joy, the language of the modern Balaam, “ Surely, the one thing incorruptible and immortal, is the spirit of faith, it endures perennially, and will endure, *εἰς τοῦς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰωνῶν*.”

Third. We have a *vast future* before us ; and in the bosoms of our children we have resources, fully adequate to all the great emergencies of that coming future—a *mighty future*, such as no other people ever had before, and none that come after us to the end of time can ever have ; a continent to be possessed, to be subjugated, to be held for God, to be hallowed by his presence, and consecrated to his service ; a multitudinous population, whose numbers can be estimated only by hundreds of millions, with an intelligence and enterprise, a freedom, an indomitable energy, such as the world has never seen before, gathered from every nation under heaven, all the elements of good and evil throughout the world collected here, and on this almost boundless theatre struggling together for the mastery. There are great perils ahead, stern conflicts, terrible convulsions, which shall cause the ears of those that hear of them to tingle, glorious victories, or ignominious defeats, scenes to which the whole past history of the race presented no parallel. The Christian patriot gazes on that mysterious future with awe not unmingled with terror, as it moves silently, steadily,

inexorably on, to meet us in its solemn grandeur, big with the destinies of the church and the world.

But "let not our hearts be troubled." That future is hurrying rapidly on, to join the present, and then to mingle with the past, as our past was once the future of other generations. Of all that portentous future the germs exist already in the hearts of our young children; and here has God made large provision for any and every crisis. In this connection the life of Twyman Hogue is full of instruction and of hope. The father links us with the Covenanters of old Scotland, by his parentage; and by his own history, and personal experience, with the great revivals and mighty men, that signalized the early period of this century. He received his education on the spot from which we write, and where, less than half a century ago, was not a Christian man in all that peaceful village, nor an educated gentleman in the whole vicinity, who even professed belief in the Saviour of men; now, two flourishing Presbyterian churches, and two institutions of the church, rising in influence and reputation, increasing rapidly in numbers, and entering upon a new career of blessedness and power for good, attest the fidelity of God, the efficacy of faith and prayer, and the Divine power of his truth.

Behold "what hath God wrought!" "*It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!*" The century dawned upon a total moral desolation. It may close, (who can tell?) amidst the full blaze of millennial glory.

The son connects us with the middle of the present

century, and had he lived to a good old age, would have overleaped its boundaries, and borne us far onward amidst the wonders of the next. Thus, father and son may cover, by their influence, the larger portion of two centuries of human history. Our fathers, many of them, link us with the old colonial history, were boys with Washington, and fought by his side. Our sons bear us and our influence forward, amidst scenes where imagination falters, and language fails, and even prophecy bows beneath the burden of the theme, for which human speech offers no fit utterance, and nature no adequate symbol. The past is full of encouragement. The future is full of hope. Already the mighty powers of the globe, France, Russia, and England, are looking keenly, anxiously, yet steadily and firmly, into that coming future, are preparing for it, on a scale of magnificence, commensurate with its grandeur, and inconceivable to the men of former generations. They anticipate its demands, measure its dangers, forecast its possible combinations, estimate their own resources, and are mustering all their energies, for the inevitable crisis. It is well for us, when such a life so forcibly and hopefully reminds us where, under God, lie our resources against the day of coming trial; not in armed battalions, or ships of war, or massive bulwarks, or treasured millions, but in that boundless opulence of intellectual and moral power, treasured up in the hearts of our young children, and entrusted to our guidance.

We underrate prodigiously the vastness, and the variety

of the immense resources, the quick susceptibility, the keen and alert intelligence, the clear insight, the generous aspirations, the expansive power, that lie, undeveloped and unheeded, in the bosoms of these young immortals. "The boy is" still as ever "the father of the man;" and there is not a noble attribute of the intellect or the heart that ever signalized the career of hero or benefactor of his race, that was not there, in all its essential elements, in boyhood. Oh, for some skilful and faithful hand, to touch these secret springs of thought and feeling, and bring forth all these latent elements of power, to bless the world!

We do not suppose that our young hero was endowed by nature with any very extraordinary gifts. Remarkable as he was, it was rather for the early growth and rapid development of his intellect and Christian character, than for any marked original superiority. We do not depreciate the value of his life, but immeasurably enhance it, when we say that there are in the Presbyterian church of this nation, at the present day, more than ten thousand boys, who, with similar discipline and training, and equal blessing from on high, might attain any eminence or usefulness, which, even with vigorous health, would ever have been possible to him. We speak from long experience, and wide and varied acquaintance with boy-nature, when we express the strong conviction, that in any class of fifty boys in school or college, not less than forty have all the natural endowments necessary to prepare them for any position of usefulness or eminence, in the church

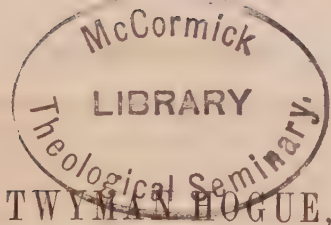
or in the world. We have one hundred thousand such, in the Presbyterian church of the present day committed to our hands, to be disciplined and marshalled for the great battle of the world.

Thousands are springing up all around us, (whose history, we hope, will not be written for many years,) of the like precious faith, and the same devout self-consecration. We have ourselves known more than one much younger than the father, who have lived, and died almost unknown, who needed nothing but the historian poet to render their names immortal, whose memory is cherished still in the hearts of men as a consecrated thing, and is perpetuated in the annals of the sky.

“Instead of the fathers shall be the children. A seed shall serve him, and it shall be accounted to the Lord for a generation.”

Who can doubt, that amongst the classmates and other cotemporaries of Aaron Hogue, there are other fathers, whose noble boys are silently maturing, beneath the same evangelic instructions, and the same invisible guidance, to occupy the places their fathers filled; and with a larger culture, and a still more exalted faith, bear the banner of the cross far into the depths of the coming century, preaching the Gospel to a population of one hundred and fifty millions? To such, this memoir will come as the voice of a trumpet. It is the life, not of a stranger, a foreigner, a general in distant lands, a martyr, or a hero, but of a boy, *such as they may be*. It will be read by fifty thousand young, and susceptible,

and ardent spirits ; and thus will Twyman Hogue have accomplished more by his early death, than could have been effected by a long life of ordinary usefulness. How gladly would that heroic soul have welcomed all his sufferings tenfold repeated, in view of such a blessed consummation !



OR

EARLY PIETY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage and birth—Weakness and diminutive size at his birth—Early development of mind—Instances of it—His love of prayer—Teaching his nurse to pray—Learning to read and write—Sketching—Going to school—Fall from a swing—Lameness—Treatment for it.

JAMES TWYMAN BARRET HOGUE, the subject of this sketch, was born in Lebanon, Ky., on the 19th day of November, 1843. He was the son of the Rev. Aaron A. Hogue, who has been pastor of the first Presbyterian Church of Lebanon from June 1841 to the present time. His

father is a descendant of the sturdy stock of Scotch Irish Presbyterians, who emigrated from Ireland to Virginia, in the early settlement of it as a colony. There is a tradition in the family that the Hagues originally constituted a portion of the famous Clan Cameron, in Scotland, prior to their emigration to Ireland. His mother's name was Elizabeth Jane Gilkeson, prior to her union in marriage with Mr. Hogue, which occurred on the 26th of June, 1841, soon after his settlement in Lebanon. She descended on the father's side from English ancestors, and on the mother's side from Scotch. Many of her ancestors fought through the Revolutionary war, and were distinguished for their devotion to their country, and to the Presbyterian church, of which they were all strict members. From these statements it will appear that the ancestors of this remarkable boy, as far back as the memory of man runs, were eminent for their piety and their devotion to the Presbyterian church; showing that, although piety does not run in the blood, yet God is faithful

to his covenant with his people, and is a God to them and to their seed, through many generations. Of this marriage *Twyman*, as he was familiarly called by his acquaintances, was the first born. He was a weak and feeble child from his birth. He did not weigh over six pounds when born, and never exceeded forty pounds at any period of his life. He was peculiarly sensitive to the effects of cold and damp weather. When exposed to it he was frequently thrown into spasms. On this account his mother kept him housed in her own room all winter.

At the early age of six months he began to give signs of that precocity of intellect, for which he afterwards became so distinguished, by repeating very distinctly, after his mother, words uttered by her. At nine months of age he would frame short sentences, and showed that he understood their meaning. He was peculiarly quick in apprehending what was said to him. When about eleven months of age he was taken very ill, during his father's absence at Synod. The father was sent for

in great haste. When he arrived, Twyman had sunk into a torpor, under the influence of narcotics. He was aroused, and when he opened his eyes he exclaimed, "Pa, Pa, come," and his countenance was lighted with a smile of recognition for a moment, when he again sunk back into a deep sleep. Dr. Cleland visited him at this time, and prayed very earnestly that his life might be spared, and often afterwards referred to it as a striking illustration of God's willingness to hear and answer prayer for the sick. As soon as he could speak, his mother taught him a number of short prayers, which he took great delight in repeating, night and morning. He often, after repeating prayers taught him, added others in his own language, asking God to bless his father and his mother, and his little coloured nurse, Nannie, to whom he was very strongly attached.

When eighteen months of age, his mother took him to a daguerrean gallery, and was astonished to find that he recognized, in a moment, almost every face that he had ever seen,

and called the names of the persons whose likenesses were shown him. Before he was three years of age, his mother discovered him taking his nurse into a private room. She followed to see what he would do. He made the nurse kneel down, as he had been taught to do, and repeat after him all the prayers which he had learned. About the same time he began to preach. He would gather all the children he could about him, get up on a chair or platform, and say, with earnest gestures, "Suffer little children to come unto me, *I bid them not*. If they be's bad you must give them a whipping, but if they be's good you must give them a lump of sugar." He would go on in a similar strain for several minutes, mingling texts of Scripture with his own comments upon them.

His brain was so active and his frame so delicate, that the physicians forbade his mother to teach him to read. This was a sore trial to him. His anxiety to learn was intense. He would take up a book, fix his eye upon a letter, ask his mother what its name was, and

when once told, he seemed never to forget it. To divert his attention from books, his mother purchased toys for him, and frequently sent him out, with his nurse, to play with them ; but if she went out to see what he was doing, she often found him with a book before him, trying to spell out the words by the letters which he had already learned. When his mother told him that it would make him sick to learn to read, he seemed utterly unable to comprehend how it could be so ; and, although usually remarkably obedient, he grew restive under her restraining him in the use of books, and would steal away from her sight and pore over books for hours, trying to familiarize his mind with the forms of the letters.

To amuse him, and divert his mind from books, his mother purchased a slate and pencil, and sketched pictures of horses and other animals upon it. He eagerly entered into the idea, and began to sketch, himself. Three or four years later, he acquired great proficiency in drawing and painting. This sketching upon the slate suggested to him the

thought of learning to write, as he was not allowed to learn to read. He began by copying letters out of books. In this he very soon acquired great facility. He then copied writing, comparing the written and printed letters, and studying the difference between them. He wrote his mother's name upon her work box before he was five years of age. A gentleman, an acquaintance of the family, coming in, remarked that he could decipher a man's character from his handwriting. His mother produced the name as written by Twyman, and said, "Tell us what the character of the writer of that name is." After examining it with care, he replied, "That is Mr. C.'s handwriting," a young gentleman who had recently graduated at College. "I know his character so well that it would be useless to describe it from his handwriting." By this process Twyman learned to write before he knew how to read, and could read writing as soon as he could read the printed page. This laid the foundation for the clear and handsome handwriting which he afterwards acquired.

When he was about six years of age, his parents came to the conclusion that it would be safe to send him to school, a few hours each day, and thus gratify his intense desire to acquire a knowledge of books, which had so long been denied him. They sent him to a school taught by a lady in the village. He began in the Union spelling book. In two weeks he had made such proficiency that his teacher put him into a class in the second reader. In four weeks more, he was promoted to a still higher class in the fourth reader, and stood at the head of the class, some of the members of which were fourteen years of age. He was only permitted to go to the school-room and recite, and return home to prepare his lessons. He remained in school six weeks of one session, and five months of another. During this time he mastered spelling, reading, geography, and arithmetic. He also practised committing little speeches and dialogues to memory, and declaiming them from the rostrum, for which he gained great applause in the school. On one of these occasions

Rev. Dr. B., of New York city, was present, and took occasion to compliment him, and to predict that he would, one day, rise to great eminence as a public speaker, if his life was spared.

His parents, two or three years before this, had discovered that one of his limbs was shorter than the other, causing a slight limping in his gait. At first it caused no uneasiness, but, as it increased gradually, the physicians were called in to examine it, and pronounced it hip disease. This compelled him to cease further attendance upon school. All the knowledge acquired afterwards by him was gained at home, and without any other teacher than his mother, with occasional assistance from his father. In the spring of 1851, when he was about seven years of age, his father prepared a swing in his yard, that he might take exercise without the use of the sore limb. On one occasion when he was thus exercising, the ropes gave way and he was precipitated to the ground. He fell directly upon the sore limb, and was seriously injured.

Inflammation of the parts soon set in and brought on a violent fever. This confined him to his couch, from which he was never afterwards permanently released. A hydropathic physician of the neighbourhood, was called in, and treated him, during the summer, with apparent success. When winter came on he grew worse, and was taken to Harrodsburg, to a water cure establishment, for treatment. He remained there six months, and during the time he often suffered the most intense pain. His hip was lanced by the physicians, which, to a tender frame like his, possessed of the most acute sensibilities, was a very great trial. He submitted to the operation, however, like a little hero, so soon as the physicians were able to convince him that it was his duty to do so. Conscientiousness in doing or suffering the will of God was a marked trait in his character from his earliest years.

CHAPTER II.

The probable period of his conversion—His own views upon that point—Change in his doctrinal sentiments—His efforts for the conversion of others—Pilgrim's Progress—His desire to get well and the reasons of it—His anxiety to become an evangelist—Fondness for books and the establishment of a library—His favourite authors.

SOON after his confinement to his couch from the fall, when he was a little over seven years of age, he read Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* with eager interest. It produced a very marked change in his religious views and feelings. Although his parents had, long before this, entertained the hope that he was a truly converted child, so great was his conscientiousness in the discharge of all religious duties, such as prayer, reading the word of God, and conversation on the subject of religion; still he himself often afterwards referred

to this as the time when he probably passed from death unto life. When the writer first saw him, he asked, "Twyman, how long have you indulged the hope that you were a true Christian?" He paused for a moment or two, and asked, "Do you believe that every Christian can tell the precise time when he was converted?" We replied that we did not. "Neither do I," said he. "I cannot remember a time when I did not love to pray, and to hear about God and the Saviour, Jesus Christ. But I thought, for a long time, that after I had said my prayers and read my Bible, I was a very pious and good boy, and that God certainly loved me, and would take me to heaven; but when I was a little over seven years of age, as I lay confined to my crib, I read Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. I soon saw that I was most fitly represented by his Mr. Legality. I discovered that all my former good deeds, my prayers, my reading the word of God, and my pious conversations with ministers of the Gospel, were worse than nothing in the sight of a pure and holy God. I

humbled myself deeply before God, and confessed all my sins, and found peace in believing in Christ. Then it was, if ever, that I think I was truly converted to God. I was completely emptied of all self-righteousness, and fled to Christ, as my only hope of salvation." In his diary, two or three years later, this entry occurs: "I was reading to-day in Dr. Alexander's Religious Experience, and I was greatly struck with this sentiment: 'Those who are defective in doctrine, will have a corresponding defect in their experience.' This was the way with me. For a long time I was under the law, from not having learned *the doctrine of justification by faith*, having neglected the doctrinal parts of the Bible as too hard for me, a common mistake of young Christians." It is certain that about this time his views and feelings underwent a very great modification, whether it was the period of his conversion or not. Upon this latter point he himself was always in doubt. His insight into the plan of salvation, and his joy and peace in resting implicitly upon it, became very

marked. About this time his views of the doctrines of grace underwent a marked change also. In his earlier years, he rejected the peculiar doctrines of the Westminster Confession of faith and catechisms, but as he became better acquainted with his own heart, and the word of God, he changed to a thorough Calvinist in sentiment. He ever afterwards delighted in the doctrines, which at one time were so great a stumbling-block to him. During his long confinement at Harrodsburg, Dr. Montgomery, the pastor of the church there, visited him almost daily, and the subject of experimental religion was always the topic of conversation; and Dr. M. often remarked, that he knew very few persons of any age who understood more fully the plan of salvation than Twyman did. When his own views of that plan became perfectly clear, and his peace in resting wholly upon Christ for salvation grew so great as at times to cause almost an ecstasy, he became very deeply concerned that others around him should share with him in his views and feelings.

Hence, before he went to Harrodsburg, when his coloured nurse came in, each morning, to bathe him, which usually occupied about an hour, he took up the whole time in repeating the Pilgrim's Progress to her, and explaining the spiritual import of each character in it.

Whilst at Harrodsburg and Mercer county on a visit, the ladies of the neighbourhood sometimes came into his room in large numbers, and he would repeat to them all the principal characters in that remarkable work of genius and piety, and expound their spiritual meaning, whilst they sat silently listening to the strains of eloquence as they came from his little lips. Whilst there for medical treatment, his nurse professed conversion under his teaching, and her views of the plan of salvation became clear, which afforded him the most intense delight. She died a very triumphant death, some months later, which he ever afterwards referred to with the greatest satisfaction. He often gathered the children and servants of the family around his couch, and spoke to them of the love of Christ

and of their duty to love him in return, and to prepare to be with him in heaven, until they were bathed in tears. No trait in his character was more strongly marked, after his conversion, than his intense desire for the salvation of all who came under his influence. A longing to be useful in some way seemed to become his master passion, and continued with him to the hour of his death. He had a wonderful command of language, which astonished all who listened to his conversation, especially when they learned that he had only attended school about seven months, and had studied grammar only as he caught it up by reading books as he lay on his couch, without any teacher. He had a great love for public speaking, and from the time he was eight years old the burden of his desire to get well was, that he might become a preacher of the gospel, and be the instrument of the conversion of sinners. When the writer first saw him he said, "Twyman, do you hope ever to get well?" He lay for a moment, and replied, "Hope is made up of expectation

and desire, is it not?" We replied that we believed it was. Then said he, "I do not know that I can say that I *hope* ever to be well, but if it were God's will I greatly *desire* it." We asked, "Why do you *desire* it?" He replied, "There is but one object for which any child of God ought ever to wish to live, and that is to do good." "How do you wish to do good?" we inquired. "I would become a missionary," he replied. Supposing that he meant a foreign missionary, we said, "What country would you select to labour in?" He replied, "Our own. I would go round and *get up* revivals in every town and village in the State." We said, "Twyman, these revivals that are *got up* by men, often do more evil than good." "Oh," said he, "I remember you published in the Herald an article, some time ago, about the difference between revivals that are *gotten up*, and those that *come down*. I don't want to *get up* revivals, *myself*, but to be the instrument that God would use in sending them down. I don't know anything that would do me so much

good as to preach and see sinners immediately converted. Oh ! I would love to be all the time going from place to place, and engaged in that sort of work." Such language and sentiments coming from a mere infant in size, and child in years, as he lay pale and feeble in his little crib, overwhelmed us. We left the room humbled that we had so little of the intense zeal for the salvation of souls that seemed to burn so vividly in his little bosom. This was the first interview we had ever had with him, and occurred some two or three years after the period of his life of which we are now writing. We mention it here, to show that it was not a mere ebullition of childish and romantic feeling with him, but one that grew stronger as his years increased, commencing when he was less than eight years of age, and continuing to the close of life.

When he was first confined to his bed he read all the books for children he could lay his hands upon. He sent every Sabbath to the Sabbath-school library and procured five or six books, which he read through before

the next Sabbath. In this way he soon had read all that were in the library. He then began to relish books of a higher range of thought than are usually found in Sabbath-school libraries. He next conceived the thought of establishing a library of his own. As he heard of a new book, or an old one, that was particularly valuable, he immediately set about devising ways and means to obtain it for his library. When the newspapers taken in the family arrived, he immediately turned to the notices of new publications and read them first, and carefully noted down the names of such books as struck him as being desirable. In this way, he gathered quite a handsome collection of books, of which he took the greatest care, not allowing any one to put a volume out of the place that he had assigned to it. He was particularly careful that no book of a light and trashy character should ever find a place among his favourite authors. Novels he eschewed almost entirely, saying that there was as much that was real and true as he could read. Before he

was eight years of age he carefully read Josephus' History, and compared it with the Bible history, noting down what was added by Josephus, that was not in the Bible.

He was particularly fond of devotional works, such as Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Baxter's Saint's Rest, Flavel's Touchstone, and works of that class. His library, which still stands in the hall, sacredly kept by his mother, just as it stood when he died, is full of books of that description, whose well thumbed pages bear witness to the care with which they were read by him. The Bible was the first book which he opened in the morning. He allowed no day to pass without reading and studying it. After reading it and studying it for an hour, and then praying over it, he commenced other reading.

CHAPTER III.

Keeping a diary—Poetical effusions—His readiness to compose—Learning Latin—Throwing it aside for the Greek and Hebrew—Admission to the Lord's Supper—Dedication of himself—Rules of holy living—Self-Examination—An original hymn.

AT a very early age, soon after he learned to write, he commenced keeping a diary, in which he carefully noted down all the little incidents which occurred around him, and his comments upon them. All his earlier volumes of this kind he afterwards destroyed, saying they were in his way.

About his eighth year he conceived the idea of writing for a village newspaper, "The Lebanon Post," whose editor encouraged him to write for his columns. We give a few specimens of his first essays in the way of poetical composition.

SICK BED HOURS—COMING TO CHRIST.

When I'm weary with my sin,
When I'm pressed with fear within,
To my Saviour I will go,
And will tell him all my woe.

Ah ! I have a Saviour dear,
To my cry he will give ear ;
He can save me, and he will ;
Saying to my soul, Be still.

On his bosom I can rest,
And I shall be doubly blest,
For he for his child can feel,
And he will my sorrows heal.

Saviour, pardon all my sin,
Make me pure without, within.
Lead me by thy Spirit's grace,
Then I soon shall see thy face.

WELCOME TO SPRING.

Welcome spring, you're come again,
Now farewell to snow and rain,
Soon will come the pretty flowers,
Sunny days and leafy bowers.

Soon from every grove and plain,
Will re-echo back the strain.
Welcome spring ; I'm glad you're come,
Making light within my home.

Then upon the porch I'll go,
And I will be happy too.
Soon the little birds will sing,
And happy will be every thing.

THE SONG OF THE ANT.

I live within my cell,
And people know me well,
I'm content with my lot,
And at it murmur not.

When 'tis summer I lay by
What will do for my supply
When cold weather doth come,
And then I've food and home.

Ye that for fame do yearn,
From me this lesson learn,
Be content within your sphere,
And murmur not whilst here.

Ye idlers, learn of me,
Never to idle be ;
And in work, or healthful play,
Be ye busy every day.

These are given merely as specimens of his composition in that line, not all written at one time, but scattered along at intervals of a few

months from the time he was eight years of age. They are given just as he wrote them, as he never sought aid from any one. They are to be viewed as childish productions, and not as specimens of elegant poetry.

As it was his fixed purpose to preach the gospel, if he ever recovered, he formed the purpose in his ninth year, of becoming a classical scholar. He commenced the Latin grammar with that object in view. He recited his lessons in grammar to his mother, as he lay upon his couch. He soon was able to read easy sentences in that language. But as his great object in learning, was to be able to make himself acquainted with the sacred Scriptures, he soon threw Latin aside, intending to bend his energies to the Greek and the Hebrew, in which the Scriptures were originally written. As he afterwards expressed himself to the writer, he desired to get *at God's thoughts in God's own words*. He had not yet been admitted, by his father, to the ordinance of the Lord's supper, though he had earnestly desired to remember his Saviour in



Harlan & Hensel, Lith. Phila.

The "Lord of the Twyman Hogue was a member

partaking of the memorials of his broken body and shed blood. About this time Dr. Montgomery and Rev. Mr. Johnson visited Lebanon, and after conversing with Twyman for several hours on the subject, and ascertaining his ardent desire to make a public profession of his faith, they earnestly remonstrated with his father for putting him off. According to his request the session assembled in his room to examine him on experimental piety. We find the following entry on the church records, April 1, 1854. "Session met, and received James Twyman Barret Hogue, on profession of his faith. He, though young, being only about ten years of age, and of feeble physical constitution, having been confined to his bed, for most of the time, for three years past, from hip disease, has an exceedingly precocious intellect and sensitive nature. He seems to comprehend, as clearly, the plan of salvation, and feel its influence upon his soul, and understand the duties arising out of a profession of his faith in it, as deeply as most Christians of mature years. His whole existence is

apparently one of faith, and never, perhaps, has the declaration of our Lord, that out of the mouth of babes and sucklings he will perfect praise, been more completely fulfilled, than in his case. Although his father, our beloved pastor, should be deprived of his lovely son ere he shall have arrived at manhood, he may, confidently resting on the promise of God, feel assured that his young spirit is but released from earth, with all its pains and distresses, to meet his Lord in heaven."

This entry, so extraordinary in a sessional record, will serve to show the impression that was made upon the minds of the church session, of his extraordinary piety and fitness for death. The session, after the administration of the Lord's supper in the church, brought the elements over to his room, and administered them to him. He seemed to be wrapt away to heaven, as it were in an ecstasy of delight. The intense desire of his heart, for two years past, was now gratified.

He always afterwards referred to this as one of the most delightful seasons of com-

munion with his dear Saviour that he ever enjoyed. He usually entered into such seasons with the most intense delight, and would look forward to them for weeks before they occurred, and charge his father not to allow anything to prevent the Elders from bringing the elements to his room, after they had been administered in the church to the body of the members. On one occasion he was overlooked, and it deeply wounded his feelings. At this time he made a solemn and formal written dedication of himself to the service of God, of which the following is a copy, somewhat improved and enlarged by him a few months later. The original copy was destroyed by him along with his diary and other papers, and this one substituted in its place.

“ O Lord God, my Creator and Redeemer, as I have been dedicated to thee by baptism in my early infancy, I would now ratify that engagement, and dedicate myself unto thee, cheerfully, solemnly, and without reserve. I would dedicate unto thee the faculties of my mind, and the members of my body, to be

wholly and entirely thine, and to be used in thy service and for thy glory, as thou seest fit. I also dedicate unto thee my time, my talents, my influence over others, and my worldly possessions, and resign myself to thy disposal, to take or give and dispose of, as seemeth good in thy sight, while I humbly acquiesce and say with filial submission, and childlike confidence and reverence, Thy will be done. I renounce all my sins and fleshly lusts, with the world, the flesh, and the devil, which formerly have had dominion over me, and take thee, O blessed Saviour, to be my prophet to instruct me, my priest to atone and intercede for me, and my king to reign over and protect me, trusting in thy righteousness alone for salvation. Dear Saviour, wash me in thy blood, clothe me in thy righteousness, number me among thy peculiar people, and impart unto me the sanctifying and comforting influences of thy Holy Spirit. Grant that if I live, I may live unto the Lord, and if I die, I may die unto the Lord, so that living or dy-

ing I may be the Lord's. Amen. Hallelujah."

TWYMAN HOGUE.

This form embraces one or two phrases of the one given by Doddridge, as a sample of such dedication, but in the main it seems to have been framed by himself.

About the same time he adopted certain rules for holy living, of which we present the following as a sample, perhaps not the identical ones at that time adopted by him, but as they were modified at a later date.

RULES FOR HOLY LIVING.

1st. Be punctual in secret prayer. When engaged, be serious, fervent, and sincere. 1 Thess. v. 17. Jer. xxix. 13.

2nd. Study the word of God with meditation, self-application, and prayer, daily. John v. 39. Ps. i. 2, cix. 18.

3rd. Watch and pray, especially when changing my circumstances or employment. Matt. xxvi. 41. 1 Peter iv. 1.

4th. Observe the hand of God in my mercies and trials. Cultivate a thankful and sub-

missive, cheerful, and contented spirit. Luke xxii. 42. Col. iii. 15.

5th. In solitude beware of evil thoughts. Endeavour to improve my thoughts, and make them instructive. Prov. iv. 23. Ps. cxix. 113.

6th. In company be careful to govern my tongue, and make my conversation edifying. Never speak of the faults of others unnecessarily. Eph. iv. 29. James iv. 11.

7th. Be moderate and temperate in my recreations, especially in eating and drinking. Gal. v. 23. 1 Cor. x. 31.

8th. Redeem my time. Be diligent in cultivating my mind. Eph. v. 16. 1 Tim. iv. 14. 2 Tim. i. 6.

9th. Be an obedient child and a kind brother. Exercise a meek, forgiving spirit towards all. Be courteous. 1 Peter iii. 8. Eph. vi. 1—3. 1 Tim. v. 4. Read these rules once a day. O Lord, my heavenly Father, strengthen my resolutions, and help me to perform them."

TWYMAN HOGUE.

We find the following questions for self-examination among his papers, which were adopted about this time, or soon afterwards, and modified from time to time, and used until the day of his death, almost daily.

QUESTIONS FOR SELF-EXAMINATION.

1st. Did I awake with ejaculations of praise to God on my lips?

2nd. Was I earnest and sincere in secret prayer? Did I enjoy near access to God? Did I pray for others as well as myself?

3rd. Have I been watchful unto prayer?

4th. Have I seen the hand of God in my mercies and trials, with gratitude for one, and submission under the other?

5th. Have I read my Bible, with close attention, self-application, and prayer for divine illumination?

6th. Have I governed my thoughts well in solitude? Have I meditated on the word of God? If so, what passage has been most useful to me?

7th. Have I governed my tongue well in

company? Have I avoided speaking of others' faults?

8th. What tempers have I exercised? Have I been cheerful and contented, meek and forgiving, kind and obliging, obedient to my parents?

9th. Have I been temperate in eating and drinking?

10th. How have I employed my time? What books have I read, and what profit derived from them?

11th. Have I grown in grace and in knowledge? What sins have I committed, or duties neglected? Have I indulged my most easily besetting sins?

The following little hymn is found among his papers, written probably about the same time.

PRaise TO MY FATHER IN HEAVEN.

Gracious Father, now I own
All my praise due thee alone,
And I pray that in my sleep,
Thou thy little one wilt keep.

I am weak, oh ! make me strong,
To abstain from what is wrong ;
Give me a heart both new and good,
Wash me clean in Jesus' blood.

Through my life, oh ! be thou near,
Make me thy holy image bear,
When I die take me to thee,
May I of thy household be.

At this time he commenced the Greek. His mother assisted him in mastering the alphabet, which was all that she knew of the language. His father was absent from home so much that Twyman could not rely upon him as his teacher, and with the aid of his grammar and lexicon he soon made such proficiency in the language, as to be able to read the New Testament in the easier portions of it, and to understand criticisms, made upon Greek words, in the commentaries. He always kept the Greek Testament lying by him, in his crib, so that, when he was reading his English Testament, if he came across a verse or phrase, which he could not understand, he might refer to the original and see what

light it threw upon the difficulty. A few months later he commenced the study of the Hebrew language, in which he made sufficient proficiency, not to read it, but to understand a criticism upon a particular word. In the first interview the writer ever had with him, when he was eleven years of age, we found his Greek Testament lying by him. We asked, "Twyman, do you read Greek?" He modestly replied, "A little." His father coming in said, "Oh yes, he reads Hebrew too." He quickly responded, "Father, you ought not to say that. You will make a wrong impression. I can not read Hebrew, but I know enough of it when I see a criticism upon a Hebrew word in one of the commentaries, to enable me to take my Hebrew grammar and Lexicon and spell it out, and see whether the criticism is just." We asked, "Do you read Latin?" He said, "Yes, a little, but I have thrown it aside." We asked his reason for it. His reply was, "No part of the word of God was written in that language, and I care very little for it." We said, "The Vulgate is in

Latin, and you ought to be able to read it.”
“Oh yes,” he replied, “I know it is, but the Vulgate was not written by God himself. It was man’s work. It is no better than our English Bible to enable us to understand the meaning of God. The Hebrew and the Greek *are God’s thoughts in God’s own words.*”

CHAPTER IV.

Increased longing to be useful—Writing for the religious newspapers—Specimens of his writings—Tilt with a venerable doctor of divinity—The author's first interview with him—His personal appearance—Specimens of his conversational powers—Skill in dialectics—Hints to young ministers—Writing sermons—A specimen of them.

HIS desire to do good after he made a profession of religion seemed to increase. He began to cast about him for means of increased usefulness. It occurred to him that perhaps he might do some good by writing for the religious newspapers. He suggested the thought to his father, who discouraged him, under the plea that he was too young to undertake to enlighten the public in that way. This seemed to satisfy his mind for a few weeks, but the thought returned again. He said that it was no wish to attract the public attention towards himself, but a simple desire

to be useful, by impressing his own thoughts as they burned within his soul upon others ; and as he was not permitted to speak, then the only way he could do it was by his pen. He therefore penned the following short article and enclosed it to the Presbyterian Herald, of which the writer was then the editor, with a note, stating that he had long been confined to his bed, and had desired to do some good, and had hit upon this method. He added that if this short piece should meet the approbation of the editor, of which he would be informed by its appearance or non-appearance in the paper, it would be followed by others, on similar topics, from the same pen. The editor had then never heard of him, or if he had, it had passed from his mind, and supposing that the article was from the pen of some adult person, he inserted it. It is as follows :

DESPONDING CHRISTIANS.

“ There are a great many Christians in the world, who, notwithstanding the tokens of

God's favour towards them, are always doubting the sincerity of their faith and repentance. In some of these cases, no doubt, it is the will of God they should, like the amiable and pious Cowper, go mourning all the days of their pilgrimage. But in other cases there are certain causes for this despondency, and, if they were removed, the effect would cease. I will mention a few of these and suggest a remedy for each :

1. One cause of this despondency is the indulgence of some known sin. For such cases I would advise as follows: In some season of religious retirement, when you have leisure, take your Bible and hunt out all the passages which relate to that sin; meditate upon them; think of its aggravations, and examine yourself, as far as you remember, wherein you have lately failed in this respect. Having done this, with an impartial eye and with a full confession of all to your heavenly Father, beg his grace and assistance to keep you from it hereafter. After this, wherever you are, watch over yourself, and check the first risings of it.

2. Another cause of this despondency is, that Christians are not active enough. To remedy this, I recommend you to get Dod-

dridge's Rise and Progress ; study the nineteenth chapter so as to be perfectly familiar with it, and read the twentieth chapter with it. Then come to a full determination before God, to lead the life therein directed.

3. Another cause of this despondency is, wrong views of the justice of God. To such I would say : Be often thinking of the infinite love of God ; examine the evidences of your sincerity, and often pray earnestly for the witness of the Holy Spirit that you are a child of God.

LIZZIE LAWRENCE.

This called forth a response from a venerable father in the ministry, and doctor in divinity, attempting to show that the writer had not gone far enough to meet the difficulties of desponding Christians. To this Twyman responded in a second article, and that called forth still another from the venerable father, and one also from a pastor of one of the churches of the Synod. Twyman responded again, and so the matter closed. When Synod met, this good doctor took the editor aside and inquired, in a sort of under tone, who his

antagonist was. The editor asked, "Who do you suppose it is?" "Well," said he, "when the first response to me appeared, I thought it might possibly be Dr. ———, then I changed my mind, and thought it was Dr. ———, but now," said he, "I do not know who it is. It is not any one's style with which I am familiar." When informed that he had been running a pleasant little tilt with Twyman Hogue, he raised his hands in astonishment, and exclaimed, "What! *that little bit of a baby.*" Twyman's father was absent at the time, and never saw the articles until he saw them in the paper. The next article sent by him was this :

THE LILY AND ITS LESSONS.

Of all the flowers with which God has adorned the earth, there are none more beautiful than the Lily. It smiles upon all around so sweetly, and yet in such a simple, unostentatious manner, that all who notice it cannot but admire it. There are a few lessons of wisdom to be learned from this pretty flower. I will mention some of them :

1. It teaches us a lesson of faith. If our heavenly Father takes care of the Lily, and clothes it in such beautiful colours, without any thought or care of its own, when it may wither and die in an hour, will he not take care of and provide for us, who are his noblest workmanship, and are born to live for ever? Oh, surely he will; it would be a dishonour to his character to think otherwise. Matt. vi. 28.

2. It teaches us a lesson of meekness. If you tread on its head, it meekly bows down, and rises up as bright and smiling as before. Even so should we act in regard to the trials and persecutions of this world. We should meekly and patiently bear them, knowing that our Father's hand is mediately if not immediately in them; and when they are past, endeavour not to think any more about them, but try to be as cheerful as before.

3. It teaches us a lesson of humility. It does not climb up on mountains, but takes its place in the valley, and seems to think itself unworthy of being among other flowers. Even so should we be thus humble. We should take our place among the least of Christ's followers, and think ourselves un-

worthy of being among God's professing people at all.

LIZZIE LAWRENCE.

He sent other articles for the children's department in the paper, which need not be inserted here. Finding that his *nomme de plume* had become known, he changed it and wrote under another signature. He seemed to be anxious that even his most intimate friends should not know that he had written any particular article. No one ever saw his articles until they appeared in print, except his mother, to whom he always read them. About this period his mind was exercised about the second coming of Christ, and after reading and studying concerning it for several months, and being still in great doubt about it, he sent the following short argument to the "Herald," which again involved him in a discussion with a prominent opponent of the doctrine.

AN ARGUMENT FOR THE SECOND ADVENT.

MR. EDITOR :—The following argument for the Second Advent occurred to me some time

since, and as it is a new one to my mind, please allow me the privilege of presenting it to your readers.

Every theologian knows that the best proofs of a Scripture doctrine are inferential or undesigned coincidences. The doctrine is implied, or taken for granted, as it were, in places where it is not expressly treated of. For instance, this is true of the doctrine of election, which, like a thread, runs through the historical portions of the Old Testament.

Now, when we consider that most difficult passage, Romans viii. 19, 22, if we allow the doctrine of the Second Advent to be true, it sheds a great deal of light upon it. The great difficulty in referring it to the brute creation, arises from this fact, that the "manifestation of the sons of God," which refers to Christ's second coming, in the old hypothesis will be attended with the conflagration of all things, in which the brute creation will perish. Now if we admit the doctrine of the Second Advent, which is, that Christ will visibly reign upon earth during the millennium, it clears up the whole difficulty. For then on this hypothesis, the "manifestation of the sons of God," and their public acknowledgment by him, will take place at the beginning of the millennium, and the conflagration of all things

not until the end of it. Thus the brute and inanimate creation will share in the blessings of Christ's peaceable kingdom. Cruelty and the effects of the curse will be abolished, and the earth be restored to its primitive state. "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain."—Isaiah xi. 6-9.

T. H.

About this time the writer's first personal acquaintance commenced with Twyman. He was eleven years of age, but he had not grown any, scarcely, since he was seven. He was wholly confined to his crib. He was pale and thin, and had the appearance of a mere infant, in every thing except his head and face. His countenance was that of a person of deep thought, and it became radiant with emotion, as it was lit up by conversation. All his studies were pursued, and his writings penned, as he lay propped up by pillows in his crib. His weight did not exceed forty-five pounds. We have already alluded several times to

what was said by him in our first interview with him. We add here a few things additional. He inquired, "Have you any children?" We answered, "Yes, two, but they are both in heaven." "Ah," said he, "you still call them yours, though they are in heaven, do you?" "Why not?" said we; "are they not still ours, though they have gone before?" "Yes," said he, "they are yours." He then inquired how old they were when they died, and whether they were bright and promising children. We spoke to him especially of a dear little boy, who had been dead six years, and who was a peculiarly promising child. "A bright boy six years in heaven," said he, "has learned a great deal with the Saviour for his teacher. When you die he will probably come after you, and take you to heaven, and become your teacher. He has long before this time gotten ahead of you in knowledge. He will take you round and show you all the glories of heaven, and introduce you to the Saviour, and the Apostles and Prophets, and the great and good men,

that have gone from the earth." We replied, "Twyman, it is to be hoped the Saviour will know all his disciples, and that they will not need an introduction to him when they get to heaven." "Oh yes," said he, "he will know them, but they will not know him; and even if they do, it will be very pleasant to have some one to introduce them to him, who has been in heaven a few years." In the course of the evening he inquired, "Do you think a man can be a truly converted man, who denies the doctrine of the native depravity of children?" We replied that it was a very difficult question to tell just how much error a man might hold and still be a converted man. He answered, "It is one thing *to be ignorant of a doctrine*, and a very different thing to have the doctrine presented clearly to the mind, *and reject it*. There is something in a converted heart that responds to God's truth, when it is presented to it. I have a friend," he added, "who holds that children's minds, when they come into the world, are just like a sheet of white paper, upon which any thing may be written,

good or bad. I have written him nine letters on the subject, which I have not yet sent him, in which I have taken up all the passages in the Bible which bear upon the subject, and given my views upon them." We asked him to let us see the letters, which he did. After reading them, we said, "Twyman, you have left out the most important passage in the whole Bible on that subject." "What is that?" said he, his eyes kindling with emotion as he asked the question. "It is the fifth chapter of Romans, from the twelfth to the nineteenth verse." "Ah," said he, "that is an *adjourned passage*." "What do you mean by an *adjourned passage*?" "One that I do not fully understand," he replied, "and have laid over for future investigation." We then explained the passage to him, he opening his Greek Testament and looking on as we proceeded. When we were done, he added, "That is perfectly satisfactory. I wonder that I never saw it before. I will write my friend a letter upon it." We assured him that these letters, if completed, were far the freshest and most

original articles that he had written, and urged him to publish them. He promised that he would think of it. It is to be regretted that no trace of these letters can now be found among his papers. He probably destroyed them, along with hundreds of pages of other manuscripts which he had written. We have sought in vain for them among his papers, believing that they were more creditable to him as a writer than any thing we had seen from his pen.

About this time he published a series of articles upon prayer, which showed that he spoke not merely from the head, but as one who had often been to a throne of grace, and was writing from his own experience. He also published eight letters to a young minister. He remarked one day in our hearing, that he conceived himself as having entered the ministry, and was addressing himself, when he wrote them. The first of the series is as follows:

HINTS TO A YOUNG MINISTER—ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THE MINISTERIAL OFFICE.

MY DEAR H.—You have, at last, assumed the duties and responsibilities of a minister of the gospel, and I sincerely hope that you will have the honour and pleasure of being instrumental in winning many souls to the Saviour. But give me leave to suggest a few thoughts on the immense importance of the work you have undertaken, which, I hope, you will ever bear in mind.

First. Consider the aim and design of the gospel ministry. This is, to rescue immortal souls from the power of sin and Satan, and from eternal ruin. It has for its aim, no less an object than the recovery of a lost and ruined world! Oh what a noble design! what a vast and important undertaking!

“ ’Twould well employ an angel’s tongue,
And fill a Saviour’s hands.”

Ever remember, my friend, that the souls of your hearers are immortal; that they must live for ever in everlasting happiness or wo. Oh how should the thought incite you to earnestness and diligence in your work! The work of the gospel ministry, my friend, is an undertaking which will strain to the utmost all the

powers and energies of your heart, your tongue, and your brain. So vast is its aim that no one, without the *immediate* help of God, could ever accomplish it.

In the second place, consider the responsibilities of the ministerial office. You are an ambassador for God, and you will be held responsible for the manner in which you deliver your message. If you deliver it coldly and formally, so as to make no impression upon the minds of your hearers, you will have to answer for it. If you do not follow them with earnest entreaties and warnings, and importunately urge them to come to Christ; if you do not urge every motive, and use every means in your power, at the risk of incurring their displeasure, and provoking some taunt, or reproach, that may wound your feelings deeply, *you will be held responsible for it.* And if a wicked man, under your charge, dies without a plain and faithful warning from you, (Oh! never forget it,) "*His blood will I require at the watchman's hands.*"—Ezekiel xxii. 6. Your example, also, will become more conspicuous. Christians will look up to you for, perhaps, a too perfect pattern of the doctrine you teach, and sinners will notice the least slip of your feet. You will not only have

to encounter the scorn and reproach of the world, but you will have inward and spiritual enemies to encounter and overcome. Oh, how hard it will be to smother pride and passion—to govern your tongue as you ought!

With your leave, I will address you a few letters, containing some hints respecting your various ministerial duties.

T. H.

It would require more space than we have at command, without swelling this volume to an unreasonable size, to give all these letters and all his writings. Our object is not to make a collection of them, but merely to give a fair average sample of his efforts at composition, and of his trains of thought. We give his letter on pastoral visitation.

HINTS TO A YOUNG MINISTER.—ON PASTORAL VISITATION.

MY DEAR H.—One of the most laborious duties of a pastor is that of visiting the different families in his congregation. Yet it is nevertheless very important. For he must be acquainted with the spiritual condition of his people in order to adapt his sermons to their

spiritual wants. And this acquaintance can only be gotten by visiting them, separately, and in private. Paul not only "taught publicly," but "from house to house." Acts xx. 20.

In the first place, I would recommend to you, to do it by system; by so doing you will save a great deal of time and labour; and at the same time, do it more effectually. I would advise you to get a memorandum book, and set down the names of the different families, in the order in which you intend to visit them, and endeavour to visit them once a year, at least, or otherwise, according to their number; taking care, however, to make due allowance for visits to the sick and dying.

Be open and sincere with your people in conversing with them about spiritual things. You may often feel a natural reserve and timidity in the performance of these duties, which you must endeavour to overcome. Encourage them freely to speak to you about their spiritual state, and freely to open their minds to you in regard to anything which may weigh heavily upon their minds in reference to spiritual things. Restraint will dam up the springs of the soul, and prevent that sympathy so necessary in order to give benefit. Give

them instruction, reproof, or exhortation, yet do all in a kind and friendly manner and tone of voice.

Let me advise you to take special notice of the children of your congregation, "the lambs of the flock." Christ said to Peter, "Feed my lambs." John xxi. 15. And it is the duty of every minister to look after the spiritual welfare of these little ones. Endeavour to gain an influence over them, and a place in their affections, by condescending to them and sympathizing with them. Endeavour to instruct them in the knowledge of spiritual things. Relate Bible stories to them, and thus eugraft upon them the practical instruction growing therefrom. Distribute "Children's Tracts," published by the Presbyterian Board or the American Tract Society, among them, and when they have read them, talk to them about what they have read and explain anything which they do not seem to understand.

In conclusion, let me exhort you to be very diligent in this duty of pastoral visitation. If you do so, you will find the spiritual health and strength of your people to increase, and you will have the satisfaction of seeing them in a flourishing condition.

He was very ardent in his attachments to his immediate family connections. This feeling shines out conspicuously in all the entries in that portion of his diary which has not been destroyed. His little cousin Bettie Ray, the only daughter of N. S. and M. C. Ray, six years of age, was the object of his special affection. She was taken ill and died before he was aware that she was in any special danger. His mother announced her death to him. In a few minutes he said to his mother, I have addressed a few verses to aunt Kate, which I wish you to sit down and sing, and play to the tune of, *The Child's Wish*. The verses are these :

Weep not your child, fond mother,
She's better off than we ;
And you, if you are faithful,
Her cherub face will see.

She's gone to join the angels
Around God's heavenly throne ;
And she's for ever happy,
No more to sigh or mourn.

While here on earth her body
Was full of grief and pain ;
Now she is gone where she will
Ne'er suffer them again.
Then weep not for your darling,
She's only gone before ;
You'll soon be called to meet her
On a fairer, brighter shore.

T. H.

For his own amusement and edification he commenced writing out skeletons of sermons, such as he intended to preach if his life should be spared, and he should ever be permitted to enter the pulpit. We find quite a goodly number of these among his papers. We give a sample of them.

A Sermon on being spiritually minded. Rom. viii. 6. "To be spiritually minded is life and peace."

This subject is of the greatest practical importance. It is the great distinguishing mark of a Christian from a worldly man, that he is spiritually minded. The one has his heart and treasure in heaven, the other upon earth.

I. Let us consider what it is to be spiritually minded. The margin says, minding of the Spirit. This may mean either minding spiritual things, or obeying the dictates of God's Holy Spirit. If taken in this latter sense, its connection would be with verse 14. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." The connection with the former verse is preferable.

1st. It is to make spiritual things our chief care and concern. To be spiritually minded is to have spiritualized affections. Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth. Open and apply this text: Set your affections on things above, that is, let *them* be their home and abiding place. Our affections are generally leaders of our thoughts, and if we love God, we will generally love to think of him.

2nd. It is to have spiritual desires. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Mark, the intensity of these desires is expressed under the emblem of hunger and thirst, than

which nothing is more craving. The Christian here groans under his bodily infirmities, which hinder him in the service of God, so that he cannot do the things he would. In heaven these will be removed and his desires satisfied.

II. Let us consider the fruits of being spiritually minded. 1. Spiritual life. A sinner is spiritually dead. Sin is the death of the soul. Eph. ii. 1. "Dead in trespasses and sins." This is a part of the curse pronounced on Adam. Gen. ii. 17. "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

This curse was not fulfilled immediately upon the body, but spiritually on the soul. Religion is the life of the soul; it animates it with a new principle, and enlivens its affections.

2. Eternal life, which is but the perfection of the other, the substitution of sight for faith, the complete enjoyment of the presence of God.

3. That peace of God that passeth all understanding. Phil. iv. 7. Which no one

can know, save by experience. That internal freedom from harassing care which worldly men never have perfect here, indeed, but to be perfected at last in heaven.

APPLICATION.

Dearly beloved, let me exhort you to be spiritually minded. We often hear Christians say they find no comfort in religion. Here is the way. Live close to God ; be spiritually minded ; religion will then flourish in your soul, and you will find peace and comfort."

There are several other skeletons, among his papers, equally full and complete, but they need not be given here.

CHAPTER V.

His general knowledge on other subjects than the Bible—Specimens of his letters to his father and mother—Extracts from his diary—Increased sufferings—Ceasing to write—Meeting of the Synod of Kentucky in Lebanon—The gradual decline of his mental vigour—Letter from one who was with him—His views in prospect of death—Death-bed scene—Mr. Cleland's funeral sermon—Letters from friends on his death.

THE impression may be made by what has been written, thus far, that Twyman was a child of one idea; that all that he knew was the Bible. This would be doing him very great injustice. He read books of travels, histories, works on astronomy, natural philosophy, chemistry, mythology, logic, rhetoric. He never seemed to care anything about mathematics. He made considerable proficiency in drawing and landscape painting, learned to knit and to

sew, had his pet birds and squirrels, by all of which he amused himself and whiled away the tedious hours of confinement. But after all, the Bible was *the book* with him. *That* he read and studied with all the helps he could find. His library shows that works that aided him in understanding it, were the ones that he most coveted and studied. When he had obtained them, other books were his recreations, the Bible was his text book of study. In the spring of 1857 his mother went on a visit to Virginia and New York, and left him in the care of his father. To amuse him and gratify him in her absence, his father took him out riding in his buggy every day. Before his father was aware of it, the exercise, which was too great for his tender and delicate frame, and especially for his diseased hip, superinduced an increased state of inflammation in the diseased part. This caused intense suffering, and brought on sleepless nights. To remedy this, the physicians were compelled to resort to opiates, the use of which was kept up to the time of his death. This increased his

nervousness, and affected his mind more or less, rendering him, for a great portion of the time, incapable of writing down his thoughts, except by an amanuensis. We give one or two of his letters, written to his mother during her absence, as specimens of his epistolary style.

LEBANON, *May 18th*, 1857.

MY DEAR MA :—Pa has received three letters from you, one of which I have just now read, and feel my spirit kindling to see and write to you, and as it is now just one week since you left, I will fulfil my promise in writing to you, although I do so by an amanuensis. I went to Mrs. W.'s to spend the day, and that evening I felt very lonesome and low spirited. While I was there I read in Harper's Magazine what amused me very much.

There was a man, a music teacher by profession, whose name was Mr. Payne, and he was in love with a Miss Patience. One day in singing school he called out for a tune, that

his scholars might sing, not remembering the words, which ran thus—

“ When gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hopes revive again,”

Here the whole school began to titter, and Miss Patience's face was covered with blushes, but the laugh reached its climax, when, having called out for another tune, the last verse ended thus—

“ And claimed patience as his own.”

It is very rainy to-day, so that I cannot ride out, as is my custom.

Mrs. Y. has invited me out to see her, and I am going out one day this week. I have stopped drinking coffee, because it affected my nerves so much that I could not bear it.

Last Wednesday I took supper with uncle Kirk. The poor old man seemed much distressed. He had recently lost his wife. I was particularly impressed with what cousin Nellie said to me. It was this, “I never knew how good she was to me until she was taken away.” I applied this to myself, and resolved that I would love and obey you bet-

ter than I have ever done. Oh Ma! I do want to see you so much. If I could only have one real kiss from your own mouth, how glad I would be! I spent Thursday at Mr. W.'s, and played checkers a good deal. Pa has since made me a checker board, and gotten some black and white leathers for checkers. I take a bath all over, as you told me, night and morning. I have not been much trouble at night. Good bye. Write soon.

Your affectionate son,

TWYMAN.

Here is a letter written in his own handwriting, just after the dedication of the new church.

LEBANON, *June 1857.*

MY DEAR MA:—Our Dedication is over at last. I went to church twice, although it was raining, and slept well all night after it. There were not as many people as I expected to see present. The church was by no means crowded. Doctor Humphrey did not get here until 10 o'clock Saturday night. He then went to the tavern, but staid with us the

rest of the time. He preached Sabbath morning from Rom. viii. 33, 34. Subject: The completeness of the atonement. He first remarked that dedication was not a Divine ordinance. It was not an act of worship like prayer or praise. Divine ordinances are divided into two classes: Man speaking to God, and God speaking to man. Prayer and praise are examples of the first; Reading God's word and preaching, examples of the second. Dedication comes under neither. I cannot write you all the sermon, because my hand is tired, though I know it by heart. Mr. Cleland preached in the afternoon on American Presbyterianism. Ps. xlviii. 12—14. I am as well as usual, except nervous twitching. I have nervous pills which cure that. The Blacks all send love, and wish you would come home, to which I heartily say, Amen. Uncle Emory says that he will try and have the garden ready for his "*Old Missus*" by the time she gets home.

Your affectionate Son,

TWYMAN HOGUE.

Some months after his mother's return, his father was called to visit Missouri, in company with Dr. W. L. Breckinridge. We give two of his letters to him, as illustrations of his style of address to his father.

LEBANON, *June* 30, 1858.

MY DEAR PA:—I received your letter several days ago, and now set myself to indite a reply to it. I have no news, as Ma wrote you a few days ago, and told you everything of interest that has occurred, I believe. I have bought two new books of a Colporteur, one is entitled "Morning Exercises," by Jay, the other "The Spring-time of Life," a book for youth. Both of them are excellent, and I am very much pleased with them. All of us are as well as usual. Tell Dr. Breckinridge I still continue to mention his name, particularly, in my prayers. I always pray for you, my dear Pa, at home or abroad. I wish you would try everywhere, while you are

gone, to get me an invalid carriage; I wish you a pleasant tour and a safe return.

Good bye.

Your loving son,

TWYMAN.

Another letter concludes, "I pray for you every day."

LEBANON, *July* 19, 1859.

MY DEAR PA:—Ma has written to you every week, save one, since you went away. It is very singular you have never gotten them. Rev. Mr. McMillan was here yesterday (Sunday) and preached. He asked me for some notes of a sermon, and I gave him one on "God is love." I do hope you will get me an invalid carriage. Ask Mr. Davidson, when you come through Louisville, for those books he wrote to us about. I have no news to tell you. I often suffer great pain in the evening. I begin to want to see you *mighty* bad. I dreamed the other night Ma got a letter with a black seal. I hope it will not be so. Good bye. I pray that God will bring you back safe to us,

every day. The children and servants all send love to you. Brother Willie says, Come home to-morrow.

Your loving son,

T'WYMAN.

These are sufficient, as specimens of the affectionate and pious spirit which breathed through all of his correspondence, which of course he never expected would be seen by any one save the persons to whom it was addressed. His diary for this year is preserved. We make a few extracts from it.

Nov. 19, 1857. Resolutions formed on my birth-day.

1. I will be more staid and conscientious in the discharge of my devotional duties.

2. I will observe the Sabbath better, and improve it more to my growth in grace.

3. I will read devotional works, which warm and animate my heart, more frequently.

4. I will spend a portion of each Sabbath day in heavenly contemplation.

May God give me grace to perform these resolutions.

TWYMAN HOGUE.

“I spent some time in extraordinary devotion, in view of its being my birth-day. I find that I have been very cold and lukewarm in devotion during the past year. I made some resolutions to do better. Hope God will enable me to keep them. I have, alas! been very ill-tempered to-day.”

Nov. 22, 1857. “I spent the day very unprofitably; neglected my Bible; alas! that I should undervalue so sacred a privilege! I suffered much from griping pains, but took a powder, and put on a wet bandage and got easy.”

His diary gives a passing notice of all the events occurring around him, the presents that he received, and the persons who visited him. We cull out an extract here and there.

Nov. 26, 1857. “Mr. Odell, Pa, and Mr. Buckhannan had an interesting discussion to-night. I, in some measure, started it by asking a question. The weak may do good

by inciting the strong, when unable to do any thing themselves."

Dec. 17, 1857. "I read Byron to-day. His poetry is very beautiful, alas! that his genius should have been wholly unsanctified!"

Dec. 19, 1857. "I went out to spend the day. Coming home I got very tired, and on nearing home, I could but reflect how pleasant it is, amid the trials and uncertainties of life, to think we are '*almost home.*'"

Jan. 1, 1858. To-day begins a new year, another year of my life is gone. Have I grown in grace and in preparation for death? Alas! I am afraid I have not. Lord, help me to live more to thee."

Jan. 5, 1858. "I had buckwheat cakes for supper. I ate too much, which was a sin. It is strange that Christians do not consider this a sin more than they do. One of the fruits of the Spirit is temperance. Gal. v. 17."

Jan. 11, 1858. "I drank tea for supper, which made me wakeful and restless. How strange that I should drink tea, when I know I will have to suffer for it! 'Whatsoever a

man soweth that shall he also reap.' I suffered great pain."

Jan. 22, 1858. "To-day it is warm and sunshiny. My bed was placed at the front door, and it was opened so that I could look out. I blessed God that he had made sunshine."

Feb. 2, 1858. "I have been very unwell for some time. My back has been so sore that I could scarcely move or turn over in my bed without pain. I had a curious dream last night. I thought I was in the room where John Cranmer lived and died. I saw a picture which he drew and hung up there. It was a picture of a man (representing himself) in the agonies of death, and underneath it was written, '*almost home.*'"

13. "I had a spasm this morning. Ma tried to conceal it from me, but I became entirely unconscious so suddenly that I suspected it, and asked her a direct question; so she was obliged to tell me."

22. "I enjoyed sweet communion with God in prayer. I experienced great joy and peace

in believing. My heart has been full of love and gratitude to my dear Saviour. While suffering has abounded from nervousness, blessed be God! consolation has much more abounded. That scripture, "If we suffer with him we shall also reign with him," was brought to my mind with much force to-day, and I found great comfort and sweetness in it. I have been reading Bunyan's life. What a varied experience he had! Oh that I were as good as he was!"

Feb. 26. "Rev. Mr. Allen, of St Louis, is here helping Pa in a protracted meeting. Mr. Allen said he wanted a text for a dedication sermon, and asked me to give him one. I chose one for him. It was Rev. xxi. 2. I also gave him my idea of the word tabernacle in it. It was this. It alludes to the tabernacle in the wilderness, which was temporary, and could be taken down or put up, in opposition to the temple of Jerusalem, which was more permanent. It is used there as a type of the church militant, in contradistinction from the church triumphant."

Sab., Mar. 7. "I did not read my Bible to-day, as I ought, as I felt badly, and could not apply my mind to it. Mr. W. was here, but I did not like his talk, as it was not suitable for the Sabbath; my leg pained me very much."

8. "Uncle J. was here to-day, and has the *ennui* from not having anything to do. Labour is an appointment of God, and idleness is contrary to Scripture, to reason, and to nature. I drew a picture of little Samuel praying, which I want to get framed soon."

Tuesday, March 16. "It has been quite warm for two or three days past. How glad am I to see the spring again! I think, though, that I have suffered less from confinement, this winter, than usual. How wise is the appointment of God, in giving us a change of seasons! Every human being loves variety."

Thursday, 18. "Dr. S. was here to-day. He examined my hip, and says I can never be entirely cured, although I may enjoy life for some time yet. This is what I have long thought."

Monday, April 5. "I have not been able, from weakness and general debility, to write for some time past. I am getting too feeble to write often. Hereafter I shall record only the more noted facts of my life. Rev. Dr. Robinson took dinner here last Sunday a week ago. Rev. Mr. Cleland came with him. Dr. R. is lame in one of his arms. They did not stay long, and none of the time scarcely with me. Mr. C. related an anecdote of father B. He preached six sermons to show who Melchisedek was, and on closing said he did not know who he was, and it did not matter much!"

Thursday, April 29th. "A little girl, down in Taylor county, sent me a squirrel. She says she would not give it to anybody but me, because I am sick. After Pa left, I prayed that he might get me one. I believe in making anything which affects our happiness a subject of prayer, no matter how trivial it may be. It seems as if my squirrel will never get tame. He is as ill-natured as he can be. He will not bite *me* however. I am reading Dr. Livingstone's travels in South

Africa. It is a very interesting book. He corrects many errors in Natural History into which I had fallen."

Thursday, May 15th. "I have been out on the porch all day. I feel cheerful and contented; nay, even happy, more so than I have been for some time past."

Wednesday, June 9th. "Aunt H. sent me my dinner to-day; a very nice one it was. Blessed be God for giving me so many and such kind friends!"

Thursday, June 10th. "It was hot and sultry to-day, and I prayed for rain. Rain came almost directly afterwards. How good is my heavenly Father to answer his poor weak child so quick! I think I have lived closer to God, and been more watchful against sin than formerly."

Saturday, June 12th. "Johnnie S. is here from Louisville. He is a very clever little fellow. He seemed surprised at my arms being so little. I am reading Pilgrim's Progress with Scott's notes, and find it very interesting, though it is the third time."

June 29th. “I have been too nervous to write, in my Journal, for a long time, but I will begin where I left off and persevere. I have lately bought two new books, with which I am greatly pleased.”

Friday, July 2nd. “I have enjoyed a sacred nearness to God, and communion with him for several days past. Oh that I could always remain in that frame of mind! I have exchanged with brother Willie a music harp for a little book, entitled ‘Dew-drops.’ It is a very appropriate title, and consists of texts of Scripture for every day in the year. God’s word, as it sinks down into the heart, is as silent, and yet as refreshing as the dews of heaven.”

Monday, July 5th. “Ma is absent to-day, and I have had to be brother Willie’s guardian. He tries my patience sorely sometimes, but I think of my Saviour’s smile of approval, and persevere.”

Wednesday, July 7th. “I have suffered a good deal yesterday and to-day, which makes me think my clay cottage is beginning

to crack, and that death is approaching. May I be prepared for it when it comes. I have nervous pains every day, and have to take pills to relieve them."

Wednesday, July 21st. "I still suffer a great deal. I read in Payson's life to-day. What an earnest Christian he was! He read the whole Bible through, and formed an opinion of the meaning of every verse."

Thursday, July 22nd. "I have been reading again in Pilgrim's Progress, and though I have read it so often I never knew how rich it was. It continually suggests new and striking thoughts to my mind. Ma has given me her pictorial edition, and as the margin is very broad, I write my thoughts down on it as they occur."

This is the last entry, but one, in his diary, and that is a simple announcement of certain visitors being at his father's house. After this his nervousness and debility became so great as to prevent his writing only at long intervals, except by an amanuensis. We find the following suggestions upon governing chil-

dren in his hand-writing, probably penned after this time :

1. Never punish or reprove a child in a passion. Grievous words stir up anger and do more harm than good.

2. Never reprove a child if possible before others.

3. Never allow the other members of the family to interfere, especially brothers or sisters.

4. When the fault is committed for the first time, take the child alone, talk to him seriously and affectionately, point out passages of Scripture relating to his sin, and pray with him. On the offence being repeated, do the same as before, show him your authority from the Bible, and punish him, but in proportion to the offence, and never in anger. Wait until reason and judgment have resumed their sway. You are not fit to govern others, until you have controlled yourself.

T. H.

There are no other papers found among his writings worthy of publication after this. He

commenced writing on several topics, but his pains became so severe, that he left them in an unfinished state. The opiates administered so constantly, by the physicians, to alleviate his sufferings, obscured the brightness and clearness of his intellect. We saw him on two or three occasions after this, but he always appeared to be but the wreck, in body at least, of what he had been; and his mind, though at times still very active, and far exceeding in its intellectual developments those of any child of his age that we had ever seen, yet could not wholly resist the influence of disease and bodily decay, and he always fell below himself. Others who saw him for the first time were astonished at his words and ideas, as they flowed from his lips; but those who had known him in his brightest days, could but feel that his wonderful intellect was feeling the effects of his bodily suffering. He himself felt that he was gradually approaching the eternal world, and he became more thoughtful and silent. His hold upon life

Renounce all my sins and
fleshy lusts with the world
the flesh and the devil,
which formerly have
had dominion over me
Amen. Hallelujah!

Dwightman Hague.
October 9, 1858

appeared gradually to be loosened, and his thoughts to be directed heavenward.

The Synod of Kentucky met in his father's church in Oct. 1858. He had looked forward to the meeting with great pleasure, as a season when he would have the privilege of enjoying the society of many ministers, whom he had never seen, but of whom he had heard much. He had a strong desire to see and converse with Dr. R. J. Breckinridge especially, but before the Synod met he had become salivated from the use of mercury, and was so constantly under the influence of opiates, that he could not enjoy the society of friends as much as he had hoped to do. This was a source of regret to him to his dying day.

In our last interview with him we proposed to send him a volume, which would serve to amuse and interest him, whilst it conveyed valuable information. He thanked us for our kindness, but modestly said that such knowledge, as it contained, would be of no use to him when he reached heaven, and he would rather spend his time in learning some-

thing, which he could carry to heaven with him, and which would be of use to him after he got there. He added that books of a devotional character, after the Bible, interested him most. As the winter came on he gradually grew weaker. When the effects of the opiates administered to him wore off, his mind would flash out again with all its wonted vigour. Still his nervous spasms grew more frequent and severe.

One who was with him, and familiar with all his exercises during this period, writes us as follows, viz: "He was in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, and yet having a wish, at times, to be spared still longer. He often expressed himself as enjoying an assurance of salvation, such an assurance as not only buoyed up his spirits and gave cheerfulness to his hopes, but imparted a zeal to all his enterprises of usefulness. He calmly looked death in the face. He talked of it, and said that he thought he knew, from his own sweet experience, what the Apostle John meant when he said,

that "perfect love casteth out fear." After reading and studying about the subject of death, for a long time, he turned to his father and with a sweet smile on his face, said, "Pa, I think I can, without presumption, appropriate God's precious promises to his children, and feel that they are mine. Not because I feel that I deserve anything at the hands of God that is good ; but because of that abounding grace, which he has manifested to sinners, of whom I sometimes feel that I am the chief."

No one ever seemed to have a deeper sense of his own sinfulness than he did. He bemoaned himself on account of the remains of depravity within him, and said there was no hope for his salvation, but through the grace of God. All his prayers, he said, had need to be washed in the blood of Christ. It was Christ's intercession that imparted to them all their efficacy. Hence he loved to dwell upon the doctrine of the atonement. His sense of his own great imperfections made him feel that it would be a relief to go where sin could

never come. Although his life was so pure and unblemished, and his mind so calm and serene, supported as it was by the pure doctrines of the word of God, and the consolations which that word affords, yet he experienced the frailties which are common to our nature, and felt the anxiety and sorrow which sin produces. When this state of things was contrasted in his mind with that state of blessedness revealed in the Bible, for departed saints, that heaven of love where the pure and blessed enjoy the sunlight of God's countenance, was it wonderful that, captivated by the songs of angels, and the joys of the upper sanctuary, he should desire to depart and be with Christ? There were ties that bound him to earth, parents, brothers, dear friends, and relatives, to whom he was strongly attached, and in whose society he greatly delighted. It was evident to him that his presence filled a place, and answered an end, which could be filled by no other. Weakly and delicate from his birth, he had become endeared to his mother especially, by the strongest ties of affection, and

when he saw that it was painful to her for him to talk of death, of his going away from her for ever, it created a strong desire in him to live, in order that he might cheer and comfort her. It made him very happy for his father to say to him that though a cripple, and consequently somewhat of a burden, notwithstanding he was a great comfort to him, and that he felt that he was a great blessing to the family. Still he would sometimes seem to be wrapt in heavenly ecstasies, and express a strong desire to depart and be with Christ. He would say, "Ma, pray for me that I may be released, that I may drop this clog of clay and soar away to the bosom of the Saviour." When his mother would say, "My son, I cannot, my darling, I cannot bear the thought of giving you up, do you want to leave me?" He would reply, "Ma, I love you dearly, I love you above all earthly things, but I love my Saviour better." "My dear, what will Ma do without you? she cannot give you up." "Ma, go to your Saviour, he will comfort you, and enable you to bear my absence; and he will

come and take you to himself, and we will be with him for ever.

He died on the 20th of February, 1859. About ten days previous to his death, whilst his mother was on a short visit, he was taken with an unusual nervous attack. She was sent for in great haste. On entering his room she thought he was in the death struggle, and exclaimed that he was dying. She knelt by his bed side, and he clasped her to his bosom, and held her there until he passed into the usual spasm. After that passed off he lay in an unconscious state for six hours, grasping his mother's hand in his, and holding to it. Occasionally he would wake up and say to her, "I am almost gone, Ma. I am going to heaven, won't you come after me?" He seemed to notice no one in the room but her. In two or three days he partially recovered from this attack, but was still very weak. His father, having an appointment to assist a brother minister in a sacramental meeting, left home to fulfil it. The evening before Twyman died, he was attacked with a choking

sensation, accompanied by a distressing cough. The physician was sent for and administered a medicine to relieve it. He spent a very restless night. The choking sensation continued through the next day. He asked his mother several times to kneel by his bed side and pray that he might be relieved from this oppression, which she did. She said to him, "Twyman, if it is the will of God for you to go now, do you feel ready?" He replied, "Ma, I feel afraid." She then commenced trying to console him by the usual promises. He said, "I am too weak to talk now; when I get better we will talk of that matter." He seemed to revive and his pulse returned. When supper time came, he asked that some peaches which were on the table might be kept for him. His mother promised to set them aside for him. The nurse inquired of his mother, why he slept so much. She replied that there were opiates in the medicine he had taken. He turned to her and said, "No, I have been dying all day." She threw herself upon his couch and said, "Oh, no,

sonny, the doctors say you are not dying." He pointed his finger to heaven a few moments and sunk back to sleep. In a few moments more he aroused himself and exclaimed, "I am choking! Open the doors." The doors were thrown open. His mother administered some of his cough medicine to him. He turned his head away, and in a few minutes more, calmly breathed his last, without a sigh or a groan. Thus peacefully sunk the gentle little sufferer to his rest. Those who had looked forward to an exultant and triumphant death were disappointed. He had testified for God whilst he lived, and a dying testimony was not necessary to add anything to it. He was sustained in the dying struggle, and that was all sufficient. His finger, pointed to heaven after he was unable to speak, showed that his hopes were all concentrated there in the dying struggle, as they had been during his life.

His father was sent for, and returned as soon as he could reach home. The funeral services were held in the church, which was

crowded by a large concourse of friends and relatives, eager to pay the last sad offices of respect and affection to one so deeply loved whilst in life. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Thos. H. Cleland, the pastor of the second Presbyterian church, from Isaiah lxxv. 20. "*The child shall die an hundred years old*"—a most appropriate text for the occasion. At the request of many of the persons who heard it, Mr. C. afterwards published in the Presbyterian Herald extracts from the discourse. We give one or two statements from it, at the risk of repeating what we have already written. Our object is to add the testimony of one who knew him intimately, all his life, uttered upon the ground where he had lived and died, and to people who could have risen up and contradicted it, if it had been an exaggeration in any particular. Mr. Cleland said in concluding his sermon :

This very remarkable child was born November 19th, 1843, died February 20th, 1859, aged fifteen years and three months. Eight

years of his brief existence were spent upon a bed of suffering—a spinal affection and disease of the hip. His disease first made its appearance at the early period of three years of age. The last two years of his life he became so very feeble and nervous as to be unable to read or write as much as formerly. He was endowed with an extraordinary mind. He made rapid progress in his studies during the short time he was allowed to attend school, but had not time to attain to anything more than the first rudiments of an English education. He loved his books, and became a devoted student. While upon his sick bed he acquired a considerable proficiency in the French language, also studied in part the Latin, and knew enough of Hebrew and Greek to consult, by the aid of Grammar and Lexicon, the original texts of the Old and New Testaments. He was impelled to these hard and dry studies, almost without the aid of a teacher, by a pure love of God. This was the direction which his mind took at a very early age. The Bible was his chief study and delight, and next to that those authors most competent to shed light upon its sacred pages. He experienced a change of heart when about eight years old, and united with the people of God two years afterwards.

Portrait of a young man, 1850, by J. J. J. J.

Portrait of a young man, 1850, by J. J. J. J.



In the early part of his Christian life he complained that he could not understand some of those doctrines "hard to be understood." But he continued to study and pray over them, until he could not only understand them, but rejoiced in them as the chief source of his religious comfort and peace.

He was emphatically a student of the Bible. He kept it always lying by his side. It is heavily marked from Genesis to Revelation, and such was his remarkable memory that he could, on hearing it read, give the book in every case, and often the chapter and verse where the passage was recorded. Some passages he has been known to study and pray over for weeks and perhaps months. He would not blindly follow the opinion of any commentator. He studied the original text carefully with prayer, and drew his own conclusions. His favorite expositor was Henry, not because of faithful exegesis, but for the pith of his practical deductions, and the unction of his devoted piety.

He said that none of the existing commentators met fully the wants of the Church. He was equally dissatisfied with the marginal references—said they did not always illustrate the text with which they are compared.

A while before his death he commenced a

harmony of the gospels, which, so far as it goes, is well executed.

Next to the reading of the word of God he loved to hear preaching. He fed upon the sincere milk of the gospel. He could, after the lapse of several years, repeat the substance of discourses in which he felt interested at the time. Dr. Humphrey's sermon at the dedication of this church he could repeat almost in full to his dying day.

His library consisted almost entirely of religious authors. He sometimes read travels and histories as a matter of recreation. He read "Abbott's Young Christian" in his earlier religious life. But his taste soon outgrew his age, and he found more congenial society in company with Flavel, Baxter, Jay, Newton, Kitto, Romaine, Doddridge, Owen, Bunyan, etc.

He also greatly delighted in religious conversation. He loved to dive into the profounder mysteries of the Scriptures. Hence there was no society in which he took so much delight as in that of ministers.

When tortured with bodily pain, he would turn to his Bible and look out those texts which referred to afflictions, which he had carefully marked beforehand. He had great

faith in the efficacy of prayer to alleviate his sufferings.

He was, in his well moments, in the habit of writing little stories, embodying some important religious instruction, and then read them to his little brothers and cousins. These he often warned and instructed, and thus tried to bring them to the Saviour. When the servants came in to bathe and dress him, which occupied generally about an hour, he would entertain them by weaving in some instructive lesson from Bunyan's beautiful allegory, every incident and character of which he was perfectly familiar with.

During his last sickness, but a few days ago, he said to his mother—"Ma, I am going to die—I am going to heaven, will you not go with me there?" He then pointed his finger upward and said, "I will come back after you, Ma ; pray for me that I may be released."

He was born on the Sabbath, and died on the Sabbath. He was never known to utter a falsehood, even to escape punishment. Who that knew that patient, gentle sufferer, so prayerful and submissive under all his affliction, can for one moment doubt but that he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus ?

His body was laid away to rest in the quiet cemetery connected with the church until the morning of the resurrection, when it will be raised up and reunited with his glorified spirit ; not the pale, emaciated frame which was deposited there, but a spiritual body, such as the Saviour himself now possesses in heaven.

His death was noticed by several editors, both in and out of the state, and it was commented upon from the pulpit by some of the neighbouring pastors, who had known him, and desired to present him to the youth of their flocks, as a model of early piety. It called forth many letters of condolence, addressed to his parents, by persons at a distance. We give extracts from two of these.

The Rev. H. H. Hopkins, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Owensboro wrote to his father thus :

BROTHER HOGUE:—Your young and wonderful boy has gone and left you. Although you have probably been expecting this for a long time, yet when it has come, it has, no

doubt, been a hard thing to bear, except as God may give you grace to do so. You will feel as if one of the lights of your family had gone out. What singular maturity he had, and how singular to meet with manhood in knowledge and experience, and yet with childhood in age and appearance! But how comforting it must be to you to see and know that all this maturity of mind and knowledge was turned in the direction of religion! Such instances are very marvellous, and are designed to teach us some great truths, and one no doubt is the immortality of the soul. Here is an attenuated boy, of extreme physical feebleness and smallness of body, yet a mind in order to its own almost independent existence springs up in vigour, and seems to set its physical surroundings at defiance, and assert its claim to another life and separate existence. On such philosophy it is true that Christianity alone can shed a certain and satisfying light, yet with this light in our hands there is to my mind, in such a case as this, a strong presumption in favour of our faith. His mother no

doubt, as in all such cases, will feel this bereavement most deeply ; but it is all right and well, as you no doubt feel. To have had such a son will be a compensation for many ills to which you like others may be exposed."

Mrs. Emily E. Smith, wife of Judge Smith, of Boonville, Mo., and a relative of Mrs. Hogue, wrote to her as follows :

MY DEAR COUSIN:—In the last Presbyterian Herald I have seen an announcement of the death of your remarkable and gifted son. My feelings were such, on reading the funeral sermon, and the remarks of Dr. Hill upon it, that I venture to write you a few lines, not by way of condolence, but congratulation that you have been so highly favoured among women, as to have had the honour of being the mother of such a son. My heart goes out in gratitude to God that a part of the blood, that circulated in his feeble frame, commingled with mine, that we were kindred according to the flesh, and my highest aspirations would

make me crave such a spirit as he possessed. It seems to me that heaven is more attractive, since he entered the portals of the new Jerusalem. God's ways are not as our ways, or this capacious mind, that grasped so much of eternity and turned everything to the good of others, would have been spared to us; but earth was too small a theatre for him, and he has gone to that paradise, where these feeble frames of ours shall no longer clog the soul, and prevent its rising and realizing the meaning of that saying, "We shall know even as we are known." The Rev. Dr. Montgomery told me something of Twyman and of his wonderful intellect, and everything in any way connected with him interests me intensely. I beg of you, dear cousin, that you and Mr. Hogue will both write me a great deal of his eventful history. It will gratify me more than you can imagine, and I hope thereby to do good to others, by stirring them up to imitate him. How I would love to read his diary and have something that he himself wrote.

CHAPTER VI.

Characteristics of his piety—Love for the Bible—Love of prayer, and faith in its efficacy—Quickness of his temper—How overcome—Observance of the Sabbath—Desire for usefulness—Resignation to the Divine will—Entire consecration to God—Obedience to his parents.

HAVING brought the continuous narrative of the few and simple events of his short life to an end, we stop before we close to take a survey of the characteristic traits which are exhibited in it. Our main object has been to present him to the reader, and especially to the young, as a model of early and mature piety. He certainly possessed a remarkably precocious mind. He had the maturity of manhood united with the weakness and simplicity of childhood. He was emphatically a *child-man*, blending the peculiar traits of intellectual manhood and childhood in a most won-

derful manner ; and it was this that attracted so much attention to him from the visitors to his father's house. But it was his remarkable piety which induced the writer of this sketch to undertake the task of perpetuating his memory ; and the hope that it would stimulate others to emulate his example in that regard, has urged him on through all its pages. We propose therefore, before we close, to take a rapid survey of the peculiarities of his piety, and to bring to view the various elements of which it was composed.

He had a great love for the Bible. We have before us the Bible which he used, and its well marked pages, from Genesis to Revelation, show the care and attention with which he examined it from day to day. We have already alluded to his intense desire and effort to be able to read it in the languages in which it was originally given by Divine inspiration. Under circumstances the most adverse to the accomplishment of his wishes, and under difficulties which would have appalled almost any other mind, he persevered until he could

with the aid of a grammar and lexicon examine a passage either in the Greek or Hebrew. He read his Bible every day, and generally large portions of it. When going out to spend the day with a friend, for years previous to his death, he invariably made it a point to take his Bible with him, and when the hour for reading it came round, he in a quiet way devoted it to that pursuit. He considered that day as lost, in which he did not gain some new views of the truths contained in its sacred pages. He adopted two or three different methods of studying it. He studied it doctrinally, practically, and devotionally. This latter method was his favourite one. He aimed to make himself master of its history, its chronology, and its cotemporaneous literature. He availed himself of all the helps which were in his reach, in the shape of commentaries, lexicons, concordances, harmonies, &c. &c., to enable him to get at its true meaning. Nothing but its holy and heavenly teachings could have so sustained him, as to enable him to triumph over his intense suffer-

ings, extending as they did through a period of eight years, and to rejoice in them as the appointed means of God for his sanctification. When some new view of Divine truth would flash upon his mind, or some difficult passage would be solved, he would make it a cause of devout thanksgiving and joy, for days and weeks afterwards, and rejoice in it more than if he had found some hid treasure. The Bible was emphatically the book of books with him. Those parts of it, which are usually considered dry and uninteresting, and which are not much read by others, he often read and studied with the greatest delight. He said that nothing, which God had written, could be dry and uninteresting to him.

He prayed much and had implicit faith in prayer.

He had his fixed hours for devotion, and he allowed nothing to turn him aside from the duty when the appointed hour came round. When there was company present in his room, he would quietly speak to his father or mother, and request them to invite the visitors into

another room, that he might without distraction attend to his devotions. If that was impracticable, he would stop his ears, and proceed with his devotions. He loved society and enjoyed it much. It gave him great pleasure to have the visitors to the house brought into his room; but if they remained until the going down of the sun, the hour of prayer with him, he gradually ceased to converse, and entered upon his devotions. He was remarkably courteous, and strictly conformed to all the conventional rules of society, in his intercourse; but he always said true politeness did not require that he should neglect God and his service to attend to men.

He was a firm and unwavering believer in the efficacy of prayer. He seemed to feel that God was a God *at hand*, and not a God *afar off*. It was a common remark with him that, if Christians would watch for answers to their prayers, they would have more answers to be thankful for. His diary shows that he prayed about the most common and seemingly trivial events of life. Being confined for years to his

couch, and being fond of society, visiting was a great source of pleasure to him. Hence his mind was often a good deal exercised about it. He, on such occasions, carried his desires to God, and asked him, if it was his will that he would open the way for him to accomplish his wishes. If he set his heart upon the obtaining of a favourite book, or any other object requiring expense, he prayed over it for days, and he always watched the providence of God for days afterwards, to see if an answer to his prayers would not be given him. Often he obtained his desired objects, and when he did so he raised a song of praise to that God who had condescended to hear and to answer one so young and feeble. He often, with a sweet smile upon his face, when his father returned from a journey, recounted to him how he had prayed to God for particular objects, and how God had heard and answered his prayers. He was entirely dependent upon others for all his comforts, but he said God was the main spring, which set all the machine-

ry in motion, and it was best to move that first.

He prayed with humble submission to the Divine will. He did not go, in a presumptuous spirit, and ask God to give him what he wanted, whether it would be good for him to have it or not; but he asked him to decide for him, and if it was right that he should receive it, to bestow it upon him, and if it was not, to withhold it and make him resigned to his will. In this way, he said, his prayers were always answered, and he often was brought afterwards to see that the things, which were withheld, would have been a curse to him instead of a blessing.

He had by nature a quick and irascible temper, which was strengthened by his long confinement from disease. That he might be able to govern this, was one of the constant subjects of prayer with him. When he gave way to it, as he sometimes did, he was humbled in the very depths of contrition, and would pour out his confessions before God, and not rest satisfied until he felt that he had obtained

forgiveness. Others would sometimes tell him that, in his peculiar condition, it was to be expected that he should be fretful and cross and peevish, but he said he knew better, and ought not to give way to his temper. By his prayers and constant watchfulness against temptation from this source, he overcame it in a very remarkable degree. Thus was he enabled by Divine grace imparted in answer to his fervent prayers, to resist his easily besetting sin.

He was a strict observer of the Sabbath. He held that the whole day should be sacredly devoted to the service of God, either in the public exercises of the sanctuary, or in private devotion, and study, and meditation upon the sacred Scriptures, or in reading religious books and tracts, and in religious conversation. Singing hymns in the family, after the public services of God's house were over, was a favourite exercise with him. He often proposed on Sabbath afternoons, to his father and mother to engage in this exercise. He had his favourite hymns all marked in his hymn

book. He had a good voice for singing, and he carried the air, whilst they carried the other parts, and when thus engaged, he was frequently wrapt into an ecstasy of holy emotion. He had a strong desire to teach a Sabbath-school for the coloured people, and though his weak state of health forbade his engaging in this work, on an extensive scale, yet he gathered the servants of the family in his room on Sabbath afternoons, and heard their lessons, and then added his own comments, often causing the tears to start in their eyes, by his solemn appeals to them to attend to their own personal salvation. He rarely ever looked into any book on the Sabbath but the Bible, or something that explained it; and he would not open a newspaper, except one that was strictly religious. When visitors engaged in worldly conversation, it gave him pain, and he modestly aimed to turn the conversation into a religious channel.

He laboured to be useful. He had a great love for souls, and longed to be instrumental in their conversion. He spared no pains, and

lost no opportunity to urge those around him who were out of Christ, to yield their hearts to him. We have given several illustrations of this in the narrative part of this work. The conversion of his little coloured nurse lay near to his heart, and when it was accomplished he rejoiced in it more than if he had found some valuable treasure. The conversion of all the other servants of the family was equally dear to him. He often spoke to them on the subject, and told them how beautiful a sight a whole family in heaven would be, that he hoped that none of them would be left out, that each of them had a work to do in bringing about such a result, and that they should set about it at once. But it was for his two younger brothers that he was most deeply concerned. He tried, in varied and simple language, to make them understand the plan of salvation. He told them all the Bible stories, which set forth the character of the Saviour, who he was, and what he came into the world to do; portrayed the evil of sin, how it made those who committed it un-

happy in this world, and miserable for ever in the next, and in every way in his power, he tried to win them to Christ. He often had them bathed in tears by his bed-side. He chose private occasions to speak to them, believing that it was much better than to attempt it in the presence of others. When his little cousins visited him, as they often did, he rarely ever allowed them to leave, after their childish sports were over, without reminding them that they were mortal and ought to be prepared for death. He would often point with his little attenuated finger to the grave-yard near by, and say that there were many graves there shorter than theirs would be, and remind them that none of them were too young to die. He would select good books and try to induce them to read them. He would speak to them of their studies, and aim to incite them to efforts to become good scholars, as well as good and obedient children.

Miss B. boarded in his father's family while she attended the school in the village. Her salvation immediately became the object

of his prayers. He felt very deeply about it, and frequently took her by the hand and told her how much he desired her to become a Christian. He spoke to her of the love of the Saviour, assured her that she never could be happy without an interest in that love, and with tears entreated her to be reconciled to him, whilst she was young. The result was that before the session closed she had obtained a hope that she was a child of God. Thus were his efforts from time to time, for the conversion of sinners, crowned with success, and when that was the case, he always made it a matter of special thanksgiving to God. He had no greater joy than to be the instrument of leading a sinner to Christ. He was constantly forming plans for greater usefulness. His desires to get well all concentrated around his wish to be permitted to do some good in the world, before he left it. He first formed the purpose to become an Evangelist, that he might go from church to church and stir them up to labour and pray for revivals of religion. But when his bodily weakness increased upon

him, so as to compel him to abandon that, he resolved to become the editor of a religious newspaper, and to write books and tracts for general distribution. Few persons had a higher sense of the vast power of the press, for good or for evil, than he had. When he spoke of the probability of reaching ten or fifteen thousand souls in a single week, with a short article from his pen, his soul kindled with emotion at the thought, and he longed to write one tract or one article that might be worthy of such a mission. Writing for fame seemed not to have entered into his thoughts. In fact he tried to keep it a secret from even his most intimate friends that he was the writer of any particular article. When his signature became known he immediately selected some other, and most of his pieces were sent to the press without the knowledge of even his own father.

He was resigned to the Divine will. No trait in his character shone out more conspicuously than his resignation to the Divine will under all his sufferings. One night, whilst at

Harrodsburg under the water-cure treatment, it became doubtful whether he could survive until the morning. He was remarkably calm and composed, and when he discovered that his mother was weeping, though in a suppressed manner, he began, in the most cheerful tone, to comfort her. "What is the matter with you, ma?" And when she could not answer him for her tears, he said, "Weep not for me, dear ma, for I am going home." He then sang a verse about his "home in heaven." He continued to console her and urged her to go to the Saviour, and He would comfort her in his absence.

He often suffered all night with pain and restlessness, but bore it all patiently, without awaking any member of the family, until morning, when he would tell them what a restless night he had passed. He endeavoured to follow the psalmist's example, under these distressing circumstances, to think of God in the night watches, and make him his song in the night; and he remarked that he had gained many sweet glimpses of his Saviour's face, at

such times, that were denied to him in times of greater health. He frequently said, that though his sufferings were great, yet they were not such as his Redeemer endured, and that these were not for himself but for the sins of others; whilst his sufferings were the result of his own depraved nature. With such views as these he reconciled himself to his condition. When he could get out upon the porch, in the spring, in his little crib, where he could see the happy birds flying about and building their nests, and hear their songs of praise, he became animated, and poured out his soul in verse, under the reviving influences around him. When friends came in, and attempted to condole with him and pity him on account of his confinement, he often replied that he did not feel it to be such a deprivation as they represented it; that God had given him kind parents, who took care of him, many warm friends who were interested in him, that he had the Bible and many delightful books, that God had given him a taste for reading, and studying, and appreciating them, and that

his word especially was a great and inexhaustible mine. Thus he felt that he had much to be thankful for, and that he ought to be resigned to that Providence, which had laid him on a bed of languishing and pain. Every little gift seemed to fill his heart with joy, and he derived enjoyment from sources unknown to others. Notwithstanding his sufferings, a brighter or more joyous spirit has rarely passed away from earth.

He was wholly consecrated to God. He felt that soul, body, time, talents, property, and everything that he had, came from God, and ought to be consecrated to his service. His powers of body, such as they were, he endeavoured to employ in doing the will of God. With his tongue he spoke for him and uttered his praises; with his brain he thought for him, and with his hands he wrote for him. His soul, also, he most willingly gave up to the service of God. His reason was employed in studying his word, comparing Scripture with Scripture, that he might gain a knowledge of what God had revealed. His mem-

ory he trained to receive the rich stores of knowledge which he had thus derived from the Bible, and to store them away for future use. And his will he employed in carrying into practice the precepts which he had learned from the word of God. His time was sacredly set apart, every portion of it, to some useful employment. He divided the day into parts, assigning a distinct duty to each portion, and he allowed no ordinary interruption to divert it to any other purpose. Time, he often remarked, was a gift from God for a specific object, and if trifled away it could never be recalled, and that object accomplished. Each moment had its appropriate duty, and if that duty was neglected it could not be performed in after time, as every succeeding moment had its peculiar duty assigned to it. The money given him by friends was all set apart to the purchase of good books, or something that was useful, or given to benevolent objects. He had an intelligent view of the workings of all the great schemes of benevolence, which have been devised in our

day, and especially of the Boards of the Presbyterian Church, of which he was a member, and he felt a deep interest in them all. In domestic missions he was particularly interested, and in whatever was calculated to give the gospel to our own countrymen. The United States and Great Britain, he said, must bear the burden of converting the world to Christ. If they are not thoroughly evangelized, the other nations of the earth cannot be, for it is through them that the gospel, in its purity, is to be preached to the world. But he was not a child of one idea. He was deeply interested in foreign missions, and when his father returned from the monthly concert, he usually inquired how much was given, and added his own contribution to it, from his little purse. He generally accompanied it with the remark that the gift was small, but that it was large enough to purchase a Testament or a tract for some heathen child, and that that would be sufficient, with the blessing of God's Holy Spirit, to secure its salvation. He made it a point, after each

gift, to follow it with a special prayer that God's blessing might accompany it, and make it effectual in accomplishing what He desired. Who can tell how many immortal souls, from heathen lands, shall rise up in the day of judgment, and bless God for the prayers and contributions of this little emaciated sufferer, as he lay upon his couch of pain? May not those who are enjoying health and riches learn a lesson from him, of consecration of their money to the service of God, which will never be forgotten? He was obedient to his parents. Strict obedience to his parents was ever a matter of conscience with him. When his views and wishes conflicted with those of his father or mother, he would, after a slight struggle with himself, cheerfully give up to their judgment. He naturally had a strong will, and when he set his heart upon accomplishing a purpose he did not turn aside from it from any slight obstacle. It was, therefore, no slight denial of himself to give up, but by prayer for Divine assistance he was enabled to do it cheerfully. He felt that it was his

duty to yield to their superior judgments, that God had enjoined it, and that he ought to do it cheerfully, though it might require much self-denial on his part. As has already been stated, he was fond of visiting. The families of his father's congregation, and other friends were always glad to see him. They made many efforts to gratify and please him when in their houses. He often set his heart upon paying a visit to a particular friend, and prayed for days beforehand that God would so order it that he might do so. Sometimes it did not suit the convenience of his parents, and when they would tell him so, he would struggle for a moment against their decision, but conscience would assert her dominion and he would yield cheerfully and without a murmur. Thus was he a model of piety, not only towards God, but towards his parents also.

CHAPTER VII.

The testimony of others—Letters from Rev. S. B. Cheek, Mrs. Scott, Rev. J. K. Lyle, Dr. Edward P. Humphrey, Rev. Dr. John Montgomery, Rev. E. Forman. Rev. Robert A. Johnson—Conclusion.

WE are aware that there is much incredulity, in the public mind, in reference to such children as Twyman Hogue. We have been incredulous when reading of such precocious children. To meet this state of the public mind, and to convince the reader that the partiality of an ardent friendship did not obscure our judgment in forming an opinion of Twyman, we addressed notes to several prominent and well known persons, asking them to furnish their recollections and impressions of his person and character. A few of their answers are subjoined. Want of space compels us to omit many things of interest furnished by the writers of these letters. It

will be seen that they do not all agree in every particular in their statements ; but this can be readily accounted for, from the fact that they saw him at different times and under different circumstances. To some of them he exhibited one trait of his character and one species of knowledge, and to others another. It only makes his character the more remarkable that he should have so differently impressed different observers.

Rev. Samuel B. Cheek, Chaplain of the Kentucky Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Danville, gives his impressions of Twyman thus :

“I have known Twyman Hogue from his infancy. But my particular acquaintance with this extraordinary child began when he was about four or five years of age. Having finished my theological studies at Princeton, and returned home just in time to close the eyes of my venerable grandfather, and being by that event without a home, I was kindly permitted to become an inmate of Twyman’s father’s family, where I spent most of the winter of 1848–49.

“Being naturally fond of children, I soon formed quite an intimacy with little Twyman. I became deeply interested in him, and I believe he contracted a warm friendship for me which lasted till his death. Twyman was, at this time, rather a delicate child, though not supposed to be constitutionally diseased. As my little friend of ten summers ago rises up before my memory, and sits for his portrait, I should delineate his infant character about as follows :

“Twyman was, in the language of Scripture, a proper child. He had an even, well balanced character. He was kind and affectionate to his parents, relations, and friends, and was a general favourite with all. His childlike simplicity, sincerity, and sweetness of disposition made him universally beloved. The exhibitions of intellect and piety which were subsequently manifested by him, were the wonder of all who knew him. I have known aged Christians to throw up their hands in astonishment at the wisdom, knowledge, and religious experience of this extraordinary child. But I do not speak of

this later period of his childhood, but of that earlier period when he was a little boy of four or five years of age. Even then he was a sweet, comely, proper child. Twyman was a simple, natural child. There was nothing morbid or unchildlike in his character. He did not affect to be a man, neither was he shy, silent, and bookish as precocious children sometimes are. When I knew him he was a child and loved childish things. He was fond of play. I often joined him in his sports. He was particularly fond of the game of 'hide and go seek,' and many a romp have we had through the house and over the yard, in playing this and other games which children love. He was of a happy, cheerful disposition, and loved to laugh and play with other children. Though never rude either in speech or behaviour, yet there was always something airy and sprightly in his looks, words, and actions.

"Twyman possessed by nature a very bright intellect. It has been usually supposed, and perhaps correctly, that children having nervous affections, are quickened and brightened, in

their intellect, as one of the effects of their disease. This may have had some influence upon Twyman in the later years of his life. But at the time of which I speak, his disease was not sufficiently developed to produce such effects. If he should be called a precocious child at the age of four or five years, it was the precocity of native intellect, and not the result of disease. For, as already remarked, he had all the tastes and passions common to children, and a keen relish for their pastimes. But he loved knowledge as well as childish amusements, and his attainments for one of his age were remarkable; particularly, as, owing to his being rather delicate, his parents had not encouraged him to devote himself to his books. He often joined me in my study, and loved to ask and answer questions about the great truths of revelation, the works of God, and the history of his providence. It was a favourite pastime after supper to sit upon my knee and hear stories. The stories of the Bible were his favourites, but like all children he loved also to hear the tales of his-

tory and of fancy. This fondness for stories he possessed, of course, in common with other children. But unlike other children, his recollection of what had been told, and his power to narrate the same were astonishing; and his inquiries and observations were such as indicated superior intellect. He never grew weary or sleepy while thus employed, and it seemed as though he might have sat up all night, had not the stock of stories failed or the inexorable law of bed-time intervened.

“In this connection I may say that Twyman had the best idea of friendship of any child I ever knew. He knew what it was to form and cherish friendships. Though kind and affectionate to all, there were those to whom his heart seemed specially knit in friendship; and the delicate and graceful way in which he played the friend threw an inexpressible charm over his strange and spiritual character.

“Twyman was, even when I first knew him, a pious child. This was the crowning excellence of his character, as it is of all characters. I believe that like Samuel, Jeremiah, and John

the Baptist, Twyman was sanctified from the mother's womb. Others of his friends may think differently ; he himself may have been able to point to some time in his experience, when he thought that his heart was renewed ; but my firm conviction is as I have expressed it. The venerable Dr. Alexander was of the opinion, in which he is sustained by many great and good men, that the number of children who are regenerated and sanctified from the womb is by no means small. Perhaps if parents were more faithful in praying for their unborn offspring, and in consecrating them to God as did Hannah, the number of this class of children might be largely increased. But whatever view may be taken of this matter, it is certain that evidences of true piety manifested themselves very early in the life of this wonderful child. I am well satisfied that, at the time of which I speak, he had experienced the grace of God, though he may not himself have been conscious of the change. His love of the Sabbath and of the sanctuary, of religious worship and conversation—in

short all his words and actions indicated that he was one of the lambs of the flock. His delight in family worship was truly remarkable. He evidently had a relish for the spiritual food which God dispenses at the altar of prayer. To have missed prayers would have been as noticeable an event as to have missed breakfast. Many children love to hear the stories of the Bible, but its spiritual truths they either fail to appreciate, or they feel little interest in them. Not so with Twyman; he loved religious conversation and religious exercises. The solemn realities and searching truths of the Bible, which usually cause a shrinking away in the minds of children, seemed to meet with a frank and loving reception in the mind of little Twyman. Instead of indifference and opposition, which are naturally found even in the hearts of little children, the desires, affections, and thoughts of his heart seemed to be in sweet accordance with the demands and truths of God's word. Wherever these evidences are found, whether in a child or an adult, we naturally and prop-

erly conclude that they are the subjects of renewing grace, and are in possession of true piety.

“Such are my recollections and such my impressions of Twyman Hogue, even in the young and tender years of early childhood. What he afterwards became—the wonderful developments of intellect and piety which characterized the later years of his childhood—you can better learn from others who were more intimate with him at that period, than myself.”

Mrs. Josephine C. Scott, wife of the Rev. J. M. Scott, Pastor of the Presbyterian church in Winchester, Kentucky, a lady well known in the literary circles of Kentucky, gives her impressions thus :

“Passing through Lebanon in the fall of 1856, on my way to Greensburg, I spent a night at the house of Mr. Hogue, expecting to resume my journey at an early hour the following day ; but a combination of circumstances, entirely beyond my control, detained me alone with Twyman, for almost the whole

of the day. I had looked upon the pale, wasted face of the child with sympathy and commiseration ; and as his father had said he was fond of reading, to while away the tedious hours of my detention, and with the hope of giving some pleasure to the sick boy, I sat down by his little crib, and doubtless with the tone and manner that I would have used to an ordinary child of ten or eleven, I offered to read to him something that he might select. With a tone and manner very unlike that of a child, he said he would be obliged to me if I would hand him his Bible from the table near which I sat. He did not return it to me with the request to read a chapter, but turning the leaves with his thin, transparent fingers till he found the place, commenced very quietly to read, giving me an opportunity to watch his expressive features. His head was large and finely developed, his forehead broad and massive, long, dark lashes veiled his eyes and swept his pale cheeks, and his mouth was one of extreme sweetness and beauty. In a little while raising himself on his elbow, and plac-

ing his finger on the verse at which he stopped, said he, ‘Did you ever notice and think of the full significance of this passage—“If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?”’ To my reply that it certainly was very beautiful and expressive, he answered in somewhat these words, ‘Oh how deathless and untiring is the love of an earthly parent for his offspring! How does he delight to heap good gifts upon them, and how will he continue to bestow loving care and favour, even upon a rebellious, wayward, and perverse child! *And then just to think*, how much more, *how much more*, will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him!’ A great deal more he said on this point that I cannot now recall, and I can give you very little idea of the enthusiasm and eagerness that lighted his face, or of the clearness and force with which he presented his thoughts. As he continued to speak of the grandeur and beauty of the Scriptures, and their adaptedness to man, in every

condition in which he may be placed, said he, 'How mysterious a thing is inspiration! Now there are three kinds: 1st. The inspiration of superintendence, in which the Holy Spirit guides and superintends the sacred writers in their relation of facts. 2nd. The inspiration of elevation, where they are enabled to burst forth in sublime, eloquent, and elevated strains. Such is the song of Hannah at the birth of Samuel, and the songs of Elisabeth and Mary as recorded in Luke. 3rd. The inspiration of suggestion, where things are revealed beyond the power of man to originate; of such are the Prophecies.' When you take into consideration, the fact, that I had heard nothing of the remarkable powers of Twyman, you will not be surprised that I sat dumb with astonishment, as I listened to such language from a child of eleven. He would take a passage of Scripture, and after reading it, would say, 'Now bear that in mind,' and then, with a rapidity that testified to his familiarity with the volume that he held, he would turn to a parallel passage, compare the two, and

remark how beautifully and fully one explained and confirmed the other. For several hours I sat at his feet as a learner, and my excitement kept pace with his; but after this, I felt wearied with my efforts to keep up with him, and settling back in my chair, in such a way as to get rest, I listened in a sort of quiet maze, as he, with unabated ardour and delight, and in the same high, clear tone of voice, continued to discourse about the great and wonderful things of God. He showed me some of his drawings, and remarked that his mother wished to preserve them as mementoes, as she feared he would die young; he spoke of the event of his dying, with as much composure as though he had talked of taking rest in sleep. When I came to bid him farewell, having been so attracted towards, and interested in him, I felt an inclination to press my lips to his, but a sort of respect and reverence for the child-man, restrained the impulse to caress him as a child, and I contented myself with an earnest shake of his tiny hand. As I went my way, these words of Holy Writ were

vividly suggested: 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise.' "

The Rev. Joel K. Lyle, Pastor of the Horeb and Hopewell Churches, near Lexington, writes thus :

"At your request, I send you my recollections of the late Twyman Hogue. I knew nothing of him before, and saw him but once, which was while taking tea at his father's house in Lebanon, Ky., Oct. 15th, 1858. The Synod of Kentucky was then in session in that place, and had closed the business of that day, after a discussion which arose upon the report of the 'Committee on the Minutes of the General Assembly,' which recommended the adoption of certain resolutions favouring the preparation of a commentary on the whole word of God, in the sense of the Westminster Standards. Of course, conversation naturally turned to that topic. I propose nothing more than to detail a portion of it, as a specimen :

"Question by Dr. Green. 'Well, Twyman,

what do *you* think of having a church commentary ?

“ Ans. ‘ I think it would be a very good thing, if it can be done.’ ”

“ Ques. ‘ Which one of the commentaries now in use, do you like the best ?’ ”

“ Ans. ‘ Upon the whole, I believe I prefer old Henry. I find so much good preaching in it.’ ”

“ Ques. ‘ How do you like Kitto ?’ ”

“ Ans. ‘ I don’t like him much. There is too much dry criticism in that for me.’ ”

“ Ques. ‘ What do you mean by that ?— Did you ever see any *wet* criticism ?’ ”

“ Ans. ‘ Our Saviour says, every Christian shall have “ in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life,” and I think commentators ought to sprinkle their comments with it. I mean a real, genuine, evangelical spirit.’ ”

“ Such language, conveying such views, under such circumstances, employed by such a person, was (to me wholly unprepared to expect it) very surprising and impressive ; and I

suppose I have given it almost word for word as it was uttered.

“I am happy to assist you in any measure to perpetuate the memory of that remarkable boy : and hope that the time is near at hand when infidel influences will be entirely supplanted in the church, by scriptural views of our duties and privileges ; and the hearts of the parents so turned to the children, that instances of early piety and christian culture will not be so remarkable and rare.”

The Rev. Dr. John Montgomery, now of Missouri, late Pastor of Harrodsburg Church, writes thus :

“Since the receipt of your letter, I have been trying to see if I could recall any instances which you were not already possessed of, or similar ones, illustrating the character of that lovely boy, Twyman Hogue. But I cannot. I know he was most lovely, most patient under suffering, most submissive to God under the severest trials. I know that his judgment was, for his years, wonderfully mature and sound ; that he had a singularly re-

tentive memory ; that his mind was well stored with a great variety of accurate information on a wide range of subjects, and especially on the subject of religion ; that he was possessed of an uncommonly bright genius ; had a highly poetic fancy ; above all, had a warm and loving heart, and a strong faith in God and in his Christ ; that he loved the Saviour strongly ; that he trusted him fully ; that conversation about the Bible, the plan of salvation, the hopes and experiences of God's children, the happiness and glory of heaven, was his soul's delight. I know all this, but so does everybody that knew Twyman Hogue, ever so slightly. I could write all this, but it would be only what you will have to write when you pen the history of that wonderful boy. I could give facts somewhat illustrative of these traits, but they are only such as were occurring every day, wherever he was, whether at Harrodsburg or at home, and therefore there is no need that I should state them to you. I have often read accounts of young persons and doubted their accuracy ; but one thing an ac-

quaintance with Twyman Hogue has taught me, to be slow in doubting hereafter anything that I may hear or read, about the youngest person whom it may please God to endow and to bless above common mortals."

The Rev. J. L. McKee, late of Keokuk, Iowa, Pastor elect of the Chestnut street Church, Louisville, writes:

"KEOKUK, IOWA, *Aug. 2, 1859.*

"At the time of my first visit to the family of the Rev. A. A. Hogue, I knew nothing of his son Twyman, except that he was an afflicted child. After sitting some time in the parlour, we were invited to dinner. On entering the dining room, one of the first objects that attracted my attention, was a pale and most emaciated child, lying in a cradle, near a window, with a book in his hand. It so happened that I was not introduced to him; and he did not seem to notice anything that was passing in the room. My first impression was, that he was a wreck both in body and mind: and supposed it was a picture book his

parents had given him to keep him quiet while we were dining.

“Before leaving the room, our conversation ran into some of the political questions that were then greatly agitating the minds of the people. I expressed my opinions with freedom and emphasis. I then observed that the conversation had attracted the attention of Twyman. He laid aside his book, fixed his eyes upon me, and with a clear, earnest voice addressed me in substance as follows: ‘I perceive, Mr. McKee, that your views are very different from what I had expected to find them; I am surprised to hear you express such opinions.’ And then, without waiting for a reply, he went on for some minutes, stating a number of facts clearly and concisely, that manifested an astonishing familiarity with the politics of the country, for one of his age, to say nothing of his condition. After stating his facts, he proceeded to lay down with great distinctness the propositions that he thought the facts in the case warranted; becoming earnest in his feelings, and

speaking with great energy, he then modestly but firmly challenged me to overthrow his propositions.

“I was so much astonished—in fact confused and bewildered—that I looked in silent amazement at him for a while. His father relieved the embarrassment of the silence by saying that Twyman allowed no one to advance opinions contrary to his own without getting a fight upon his hands. I saw I had the fight upon my hands. He had fairly thrown down the glove, and challenged me to take it up. What was I to do? To accept the challenge and be floored by such a child would be too humiliating to bear. And I felt that the apparent disparity between the debaters would certainly give the palm to Twyman, unless my arguments were equal to the demand of that apparent disparity. Doubting my ability to make them equal to the demand, and believing that ‘an honourable retreat is better than a bad stand,’ I determined, if possible, to turn the conversation to some other topic. This I found very difficult to do; for when I

refused to attack his positions, he assailed mine in such a way as to demonstrate satisfactorily, that however great the *physical* wreck might be, there was certainly no wreck of mind. My first interview with Twyman interested me so much, that, on extending my acquaintance with him, I took great pleasure in drawing him out on various subjects. By means of these conversations I learned accurately, and somewhat thoroughly, I suppose, his general habits of life. He was fond of conversation. When interested himself, he was fluent, earnest, and sometimes eloquent. He was quick and apt in a retort, had a great relish for fun, and his keen sarcasm and ridicule made many fear to arouse him in this direction.

Considering the many and great difficulties he had to encounter, the refined literary taste he had cultivated was to me truly astonishing. He had read many good authors, displayed great facility in grasping and pursuing the drift of an intricate argument, made the leading points his own, and seemed never to

forget what he had once thoroughly understood.

But Twyman had not lost all the marks of childhood. He seemed to take great interest in very light childish stories ; and I think he read a great many of them. I have seen him also show a childish disposition, that stood in strange contrast with what has been already stated. I remember on one occasion, when I was in the room with him, he began to fret and scold about two or three things of small importance. One of his younger brothers displeased him about a trifling toy ; he became very angry, scolded his brother severely, and cried like a child ; and would not calm down until his father reproved him sharply. I saw many little manifestations of this trait of his character, but it only made him the more remarkable to me. There seemed to be in the same frail skeleton of a child's body, the mind of a *real child* and of a *mature man*. One of the most uniform sources of his amusement was to solve difficult riddles, and to perplex others with them. I rarely ever saw him that

he did not give me one to solve. It pleased him very much if I failed. I determined to try him; propounded some of the most difficult I could call to mind. He would not let any one tell, until he had tried for months to unravel them himself. After long absence, when I would see him again, one of the first things he would have to say would be to tell me the solution of my riddles; and if he had made it out correctly, it seemed to rejoice him as much as if he had found hid treasure of great value.

“What astonished me most, however, in the history of Twyman, was his theological tastes and acquirements. I am aware that there is great incredulity in the minds of many about such histories. And on this trait of his character the most sober expression of truth will appear as fiction to all such persons. I do not say his tastes and acquirements were in themselves so remarkable. But for a child, confined almost from his infancy to a cradle, with a painful disease, that had reduced him to the mere shadow of a human being; for a

child so reduced, that for so long a time he could not walk, stand, or sit, to cultivate such tastes and make such acquirements, was truly wonderful. If my time would allow me, I would take pleasure in giving the substance of some interesting conversations I have had with him on different passages of Scripture, and intricate questions of theology. When examining a point, he laid aside the bias of the advocate, and assumed the character of the investigator with wonderful fidelity, did not seem to be under the common temptations of fortifying and defending his faith, until he had thoroughly satisfied his own mind that he had a clear ‘thus saith the Lord,’ for what he believed. When his mind was made up, he contended zealously and manfully for ‘the faith once delivered to the saints.’

“I have often heard persons called ‘book worms,’ but have never seen a case where the epithet seemed to be so emphatically applicable as in this one. When he was trying to get the exact sense of a passage, and had the concordance, lexicons, and commentators lying

all around him in his cradle, he did look very much like a worm crawling about among them, and from his diminutive size it seemed that he could almost literally crawl *into* some of them.

I asked him to give me his views on that confessedly difficult passage, Rom. viii. 18—25, and found he had devoted some time to examining it, had collected the opinions of the best writers upon it, and had written out his own view. The critical discrimination, patient research, tone of piety, and unostentatious spirit manifested in his exegesis would not have been discreditable to a candidate for licensure.

“The last interview I had with Twyman was one of solemn interest. It was a communion season in his father’s church. The little sufferer could not be taken to church without hazard to himself. I was invited to go over with the family, an elder, and a friend, and administer the communion to him. I made some remarks as appropriate to the occasion as I could. He seemed to have as clear and as practical a view of the spiritual significance

of the supper, as any one I have ever seen use those sacred emblems. It was an impressive scene. We felt that it was indeed a communion, that it was good to be there.

“My impression is, that Twyman Hogue was emphatically the most wonderful child I ever knew; and, all things considered, one of the most remarkable human beings I ever knew.

“While talking with him I have felt greatly humbled in view of the poverty of my attainments, and greatly stimulated to make nobler efforts in the future. May thousands more be greatly benefitted by his history; so that being dead, he may yet speak to the world.”

The Rev. Dr. E. P. Humphrey, Professor in the Danville Theological Seminary, writes:

“My first interview with Twyman Hogue was held in the autumn of 1856; when he was in the thirteenth year of his age. I saw him afterwards at intervals of several months, until within a few weeks of his death. But the first interview was most satisfactory, because it occurred before his final decline in health, and for the further reason that I was spending

a day or two in the family, and was therefore in circumstances to investigate his condition with greater care. I purpose to limit my statements to this interview.

“It was my intention to relate here the substance of my conversation with him. But at this distance in time, I find it impossible to recall exactly, and with verbal accuracy, the turns of thought and expressions which fell from his lips; and without that precision no statement of the kind ought to be made public. I must content myself with the general impression made upon me by what he said in my presence.

“Upon taking my seat by his couch, my attention was almost instantly arrested by two peculiarities. One was his rare intelligence; far, very far, beyond his years. This appeared not only in the course of direct remark, but in what is the better test—the questions which he proposed. These were of such weighty matters, and were themselves so pertinent, so well put, so incisive, as to mark not only the inquisitive, but the mature, I

might well say, the scholarly mind. The other thing that impressed me, was the fact, that his intelligence took exclusively the form of religious knowledge. Upon other subjects, he did not appear to have informed himself. But his knowledge of the word of God was extensive and thorough to a degree most remarkable, in a boy of his years. His acquaintance with the Bible extended to all parts of the book, to the Old Testament as well as to the New. His inquiries (for I gave him the leading part in the conversation) related to matters distributed over the entire field of the Divine word; the historical and prophetic Scriptures, the Gospels and the doctrinal epistles. He discussed the case of Jephthah's daughter with a thorough comprehension of all the conditions belonging to that problem in sacred history; and he unfolded the Pauline doctrine of justification by faith, not only as the plan of salvation, but as a profound and sublime self-revelation of the Triune God.

“Nor was this knowledge of the truth speculative merely. It was the spiritual discern-

ment, the true insight, so far as I was able to judge, which comes only by the illumination of the Divine Spirit ; and is an inward experience, and therefore, a positive knowledge of Divine things. Associated with all this, was the childlike docility, the meekness, the submission to the Divine will, and the delicacy of a simple hearted Christian child ; a modesty perfectly befitting his years, an absence of that self-confidence which might be excusable even in one so well informed. As an example of his modesty, I may state that I thought I discovered in many of his criticisms a familiarity with the Greek text of the epistles of Paul. But he said nothing of his Greek studies and used no words in that language ; and I supposed I was mistaken in ascribing that acquisition to one so young and so feeble in body. But I am informed that my first conjecture was better than my deliberate conclusion, and that as a matter of fact he had studied not only the Greek, but the Hebrew as well.

“ I cannot doubt that he was a child of God,

and that he had made eminent attainments in the Divine life. The signs of that life in him were so many, so various, so decisive that to deny its existence in this dear boy, is to deny that there are any sure tokens of that life which is in the Son; and to deny that is a sort of atheism.

“To the question as to what we are to refer this remarkable development of the intellect in a child, I think the reply must include the two ideas of the preternatural and the supernatural. To the preternatural belong all the conditions of his physical nature and habits, which may have aided in the rapid and early development of his intellectual powers. The supernatural describes the work of the Holy Spirit on the whole spiritual nature of this disciple child. The word of God, as ‘a schoolmaster,’ an instrument of education, an agent for the discipline and invigoration of the mind, is the highest power on earth. But when unto the word the work also of the Holy Spirit is added, that work whereby the nature of man is regenerated, securing the

Divine illumination of the understanding, what wonders may not this double agency, the word and the Spirit, accomplish in the intellect of a devout, docile, loving child like this dear boy of whom I write! Given the work of the Holy Ghost in the heart, and the word of the Holy Ghost in the Scriptures; this work going forward, and this word interpreted through abounding afflictions and more abundant consolations, and we have as the result among the children of the covenant a fulfilment of that which is written in Isaiah, ‘There shall be no more therein an infant of days—but the child shall die an hundred years old.’”

The Rev. Ezekiel Forman, Pastor of the Presbyterian church, Richmond, Kentucky, writes:

“The first time that I saw Twyman after he was visited by the malady which eventually terminated his life, was about the 5th or 6th of August, 1854, when I was aiding his father at a sacramental meeting in Lebanon. It was then that the acquaintance which, I trust, afterwards ripened into a cordial Christian friendship, between Twyman and myself, may

he said properly to have begun. He was in a great measure, if not entirely, confined to bed. I did not see him there except in a recumbent posture, and think he was unable to sit up. I was strongly impressed with his piety. I was most happily impressed early on the morning of the Sabbath, before I left my chamber, by hearing him sing in a loud, animated voice, one or more hymns. I think he sang the hymn commencing, ‘Am I a soldier of the cross?’ His father’s residence was just across the street from the church; and my impression is that the elders, after waiting upon the assembled congregation in the administration of the elements at the Lord’s supper, carried the bread and wine to the little Christian youth that lay on his bed of suffering so near at hand—the son of their beloved Pastor. In succeeding years the progress which he made in ‘grace, and in the knowledge of Christ,’ was wonderful; and I do not hesitate to say that I have never known a child or youth, of his age, whose attainments in Christian knowledge and piety, would bear

any comparison with those of Twyman Hogue. I saw him again in the autumn of 1856, when I was on my way to the meeting of Synod at Greensburg. It was then that I was for the first time astonished by the extraordinary elevation of his intellectual and religious character. Child though he really was, he talked like a man of ripe religious experience, and of extensive religious reading. Brother Barnes and brother Johnstone were present at this interview, and I noticed the smile that played upon their countenances while the little Christian philosopher talked—a smile expressive of equal wonder and delight. His little book-case, filled with standard religious works, such as those of Baxter, Hall, and Doddridge, was hanging against the wall, and within reach of the little student. His conversation indicated that his constant companions were those eminently wise and godly men whose names I have just recorded. His Greek Testament lay at hand. And the inquiry arose in my mind whether at his age, then probably not above twelve years, and amid his pro-

tracted bodily sufferings, he had had time and opportunity to study Greek ; and I asked him whether he had mastered the language. He replied with great simplicity and even sweetness of manner and tone, that by comparing our version with the Greek Testament he could spell out a good deal, and thereby arrive at a better understanding of the blessed Bible. We had some pleasant conversation about the articles which he had written for the Herald, and which appeared in that Journal, entitled 'Hints to young ministers.' To those who did not know Twyman, it might seem that the simple fact of a youth of twelve years of age, publishing articles on such a subject, must argue presumption and vanity. But I am confident that no such impression would rest on the mind of any one who knew the lovely, gentle, spiritual child. Those articles seemed to be the natural outpourings of a heart full of love to the Saviour, to his church, and the ministry of that church, and not by any means prompted by personal vanity or self-conceit. At this interview I was also much

interested with his remark that he had never seen a *reference* Bible that suited his views. He then drew a slip of paper out of his portfolio, and said, ‘Here I have prepared something which represents my idea of what a “reference Bible” should be.’ He then read several passages of Scripture, which he had written on the slip of paper, and referred to parallel passages. His whole heart seemed to be devoted to biblical studies, and to the subject of religion.

“At night, on the last Thursday of February, 1859, the day appointed to be observed as a day of prayer for the youth of the land, for Schools, Academies, and Colleges, I was leading a prayer-meeting in the basement of our house of worship. The room was full, and many children and youth were present. Twyman had already been claimed as his own by the Saviour, released from his sufferings, and taken to the glorious presence of God on high. But I was not aware of his death. I was urging the claims of personal religion upon the youth present, and held up several

remarkable examples of enlightened and eminent piety before their minds, and for their imitation. I dwelt with special emphasis upon the case of Twyman Hogue. It was but a day or two until I received intelligence that he was no longer of this earth. And now I look back upon his brief, but eminently Christian life, with unmingled pleasure, as one of the most remarkable triumphs of grace that I have ever known. I say 'unmingled pleasure,' though he was a great sufferer a number of years. Those sufferings no doubt contributed largely to the gracious results which we have been considering. Without them, he probably would never have been what he was. And we almost forget his sufferings and his attenuated body, in the contemplation of the intellectual and spiritual development of this child of God."

The Rev. R. A. Johnstone, Pastor of the Paint Lick church, writes :

"I hope you had a true likeness of Twyman taken, as he lay upon his little bed, prostrated by disease, the gentle child of affliction. Without a correct picture of him as he was seen

by his friends during the latter part of his life, it will be next to impossible for persons who never saw him to gain a true idea of him, or to appreciate adequately anything that may be spoken or written of him.

“The true representation of Twyman, as I saw him, is that which shows him, in personal appearance and bodily condition, as a child scarcely weaned, emaciated, pale, wasted by disease, sometimes flushed in the face with fever, and almost insufferably nervous; and at other times sunken in clammy exhaustion and exceeding prostration of the body, needing continuous maternal attention, and being the object of his mother’s anxious and tenderest care; but in intellectual exercises, as one who neither thought nor spoke as a child, but as the full-grown and cultivated man, speaking in the maturity of thought and ripeness of knowledge. I do not mean to intimate that Twyman was incapable of sympathizing with children of his own age, nor that he was indifferent to those things which naturally attract and interest children. For in a certain

good sense there was very much of the child about him. He could and did enter, most heartily, into the pleasures and amusements of children. He sought their society, and was inclined to extend his acquaintance with them. But I do intend to intimate that oftentimes while conversing with full-grown men, upon topics which they were interested in, he appeared as their equal, both in fluency and facility of speech, and in the extent and maturity of thought ; and were Twyman drawn as a little child, feeble and emaciated in body, but speaking as the man of matured mind, and as the full-grown Christian fast ripening for heaven, the reading world would have what I would deem a true sketch of the now *glorified* child, and no other sketch can put him before the present generation precisely in the light in which it was my privilege to see and to know him.

“ I first became acquainted with Twyman in the latter part of the year 1853. A service laid upon me by our Presbytery, made it necessary that I should spend a week or two in

the Lebanon congregation ; and such moments of leisure as my duties allowed me, I had the happiness to spend with Mr. Hogue's family. During that time, Twyman was the special object of interest to us all, the centre of our social group, the sweet object of manifold endearing attractions. There were many things that greatly interested me in him at that time. The severity of affliction under which he was suffering, and the singular lamb-like patience and meekness with which he bore it, was to me extraordinary. I have often thought since Twyman's death, after so protracted bodily affliction, that he was *an example of great affliction*, that it was appointed to him to be chastened and scourged of the Lord to a degree which is seldom realized in the case of any of those whom the Lord loves ; and I have loved to bear in mind the sweet resemblance of Twyman to the Saviour, in the particular grace intended by the Apostle when he said, ' Though he were a son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered.' It is still refreshing to think of him as one in

whom I saw fulfilled that Scripture which says, ‘My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him.’ Sanctified affliction was the subject of repeated conversation between him and myself, and his soul always seemed to be stirred at the mention of it. The only instance of weeping that I ever witnessed in him, was on the occasion of his detailing to me the afflictive dispensations of his heavenly Father towards him, and the blessings which he had found in them. During this recital, he wept, but his were tears of happiness, for he expressed himself as confident that afflictions in his body had been the means of the conversion of his soul to God and his saving acquaintance with Christ. ‘Before I was afflicted I went astray,’ was a Scripture truth that he loved to repeat to me, and touched up with melting interest. His soul seemed to be moved at the mention of it, and this because of his strong conviction that he had been both a stranger and an enemy to God, until God laid his hand heavily upon him. But be-

ing sure that in all his wasting disease, God had been dealing with him 'as with a son,' and realizing that his afflictions were yielding in him some of the peaceable fruits of righteousness, so far from repining at them, or feeling sorry that they had come on him, or wishing them to be removed, he rejoiced in them. To me he appeared a striking example of a child of God, 'glorying in tribulations, knowing this, that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.'

"Another thing which greatly interested me in Twyman, was his sense 'of the love which God hath to us.' In this his piety seemed to keep itself always summed up. This seemed to me to be its leading feature, the feature that stood out in peculiar prominence, and struck and impressed me most. His was an instance of the fullest confidence in the love of God towards him. To him there seemed to be nothing fearful in God. He was

under the influence of that perfect love which casts out fear. All his thoughts and conceptions of God, as I heard them, were such as not only saw no terror in him, but also such as presented him in the most attractive light; and the favourite name by which he made mention of him was '*My heavenly Father.*' He was not under the spirit of bondage. The son of the bond woman was cast out. He was the son of the free woman, and had the spirit of adoption whereby he cried, Abba, Father. There seemed to be in him the constant witness-bearing of the Spirit of God, co-witnessing with his own spirit that he was a child of God. Those who were with him oftener, and knew him better than I knew him, can say whether his soul was ever cast down and disquieted within him. But it is my very pleasing privilege to say, that I never heard anything in Twyman's conversation, nor saw anything in him that indicated any knowledge of darkness and gloom of soul, as connected with the exercises of his own heart in the things of God. But on the contrary, he

seemed to me to be one upon whom God had not only been gracious, and bestowed mercy and blessing, but also as one upon whom God was causing his face to shine unceasingly, and enabling him to ‘praise him as the health of his countenance.’ I found real pleasure, and I hope blessing, in communing with him, and seeing in him an unaffected and simple, yet most solemn and impressive example of that grace which enables God’s dear children to say, not in word only, but in deed and in truth—in the tone and drift of their daily lives—‘How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.’

“I was particularly struck with an impromptu exposition which he gave us at family prayers, of Gal. iv. 21—31. Immediately upon our rising from our knees, prayers being conducted by his father, he read the above portion of the word of God. During

the reading I was struck with the solemn and interested attention which the child gave to what was being read. The misery of the bondage of such as are under the law and sin, and condemnation and death, in contrast with the blessedness of those who have been redeemed from under the law, and made to receive the adoption of sons, took hold upon his thoughts and his feelings. When we arose from prayer, his countenance beamed with interest, and exhibited evidence of the most intense exercise of thought, until his thoughts became too strong to be held in silence. Without seeming to pause in his thoughts, or to break their current, he exclaimed, ‘Father, I see it now! It is surely one of the most striking passages in all the writings of the Apostle Paul—that passage which contains those allegories. Often as I have read those verses there has always been more or less obscurity in their meaning, but now I discern their meaning in all their point and force;’ and then he gave what had just occurred to him as the great spiritual truths which are couched

under the peculiar words of the apostle in this context, stating in their order and connection first the different allegories which are contained in this place, and the great truths of grace which are herein respectively allegorized. I have often regretted that I did not note on paper and preserve this exposition of this passage. I hope it can be found among his papers somewhere. I am free to say that I never met with an exposition of this context which I deemed more just and conclusive than his was, as it came gushing from the freshness of his own conceptions, and as I have always believed, prompted and aided by the Holy Spirit of God, who 'guides his people into all truth.' Having given what occurred to him as the true exposition of this allegory, he seemed to have fairly before him the true value and greatness of the blessing of being a child of God, a free man in Christ, an heir of heavenly glory, and he continued to discourse with a pointedness, a vigour, a pleasantness of thought, upon this imagery by which the Scriptures have made these things strik-

ing and attractive, that filled me with astonishment. This scene is still fresh in my memory, and I expect to treasure it up as long as I live, as one of the most entertaining incidents of my life. The whole circle were impressed and affected by his words, though all he said was uttered in his own peculiar simplicity. I found in his words something that threw a charm around the truths of God, something which seemed to beam with spiritual illumination, as well as something which had in it a peculiar power for good upon my own heart."

The reader has now before him the character of this remarkable boy, as it has been sketched by a variety of observers. He will doubtless be ready to acknowledge that he was, every way, a wonderful child. In him the grace of God was illustrated and brought to view in some of its most lovely aspects. To bring these to the public view was the main object, which was constantly had in view, in the preparation of these pages. If

they stimulate any parents to greater faithfulness in training their little ones for usefulness here, and for the happiness of heaven, or lead any youth to dedicate themselves to the service of God at as early a period of their lives as Twyman gave himself to that service the book will have accomplished its mission.

the history of the world is a subject of great importance and interest. It is a subject which has attracted the attention of all ages and all nations. The history of the world is a record of the progress of the human race, and it is a record which is constantly being added to. The history of the world is a story of the struggles of the human race for freedom, for justice, and for the betterment of the human condition. It is a story of the triumphs of the human spirit over the forces of darkness and evil. The history of the world is a story of the growth of the human mind, and it is a story which is constantly being rewritten. The history of the world is a story of the human race, and it is a story which is constantly being added to.



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